THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1729
this paper was purchased by Benjamin Franklin and published by him as "The Pennsylvania Gazette" until
1765
when it passed into other hands. The title was changed to "The Saturday Evening Post" on August 4,

Founded A.D. 1728

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1821
and the office of publication was the one formerly occupied by Benjamin Franklin, in the rear of 53 Market St., Philadelphia. In the year
1897
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THE STORY OF THE POST
BY WILLIAM PERRINE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from an American press.

Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette.

From that time it has held its place as a vital factor in American literature.

It has been read with interest by millions of Americans in six generations.

It has been a distinct influence in shaping the life of the American family in its day.

It first made its appearance when North America had less of an English-speaking population than the city of Philadelphia has to-day; when that city was proud of its 18,000 inhabitants; when there were not more than twenty newspapers throughout the Colonies; when William Penn had been but twelve years in his grave; when George II sat upon the throne of England; when the great Samuel Johnson was still struggling as a Grub Street hack, and when Benjamin Franklin was determined to make his way as editor of the best journal of his time, even if he had only a bowl of porridge for his meal.

In nearly one hundred and seventy years there has been hardly a week — save only while a British Army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile — when the paper has not been put to press.

To-day it is published, as it has been for upward of a century and a half, within almost a stone's throw of Franklin's old printery, his home, and his haunts; and across the way its editors and printers now look down daily on the ancient churchyard which holds his grave.

When Franklin, at the age of twenty-two, sought employment as a printer, he fell in with a very eccentric character, one Samuel Keimer, who, during Christmas week, 1728, began the publication of a weekly paper under the most pretentious name of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. Keimer printed thirty-nine numbers, was unable to obtain more than ninety subscribers for it, and finally sold it for a trifle to Franklin, who, in the meantime, had set up in business for himself. The first number under his direction made its appearance on October 2, 1729; all of Keimer's elaborate title was dropped except Pennsylvania Gazette, and under that name it immediately began to interest people by reason of its better type and better press-work, and also by what its editor called his "spirited remarks." His own description of his editorial policy, and written in his old age, was:

> "In the conduct of my newspaper I carefully excluded all libeling and personal abuse, which is of late years become so disgraceful to our country. Whenever I was solicited to insert anything of that kind, and the writer pleaded, as they generally did, the liberty of the press, and that a newspaper was like a stagecoach, in which any one who would pay had a right to a place, my answer was that I would print the piece separately, if desired, and the author might have as many copies as he pleased to distribute himself, but that I could not take upon me to spread his detraction; and that, having contracted with my subscribers to furnish them with what might be either useful or entertaining, I could not fill their paper with private altercation, in which they had no concern, without doing them manifest injustice."

Franklin promised to make the paper "as agreeable and useful an entertainment as the nature of the thing would allow." He commented suggestively on public events; used judiciously the best reprint of foreign papers, and what latter-day editors call "punjaub"; he encouraged writers to contribute essays and poems; he quoted often the very best things in Addison's Spectator and from some other moral writers, and he more especially looked upon the paper as "a means of communicating instruction." The only other paper in the city was old William Bradford's Mercury. But Bradford was the postmaster, and Franklin, who thus had difficulty in using the post for his papers, had to bribe the riders to take them privately on their routes. He had no hesitation to wheel his white paper through the streets on a wheelbarrow, and the Scotch doctor in the neighborhood of the young editor's office remarked that "the industry of that Franklin is superior to anything I ever saw of the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from the club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed." The next year he was married. Often the husband ate his breakfast of bread and milk out of a two-penny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon, and the wife attended the shop, stitched pamphlets and folded papers.

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Franklin was the foremost of American publishers. No other man who, in his time, wrote for an American newspaper understood so well the American taste and American homes. His journal was the most enterprising periodical of its day; it was a strong power throughout the Colonies, and his Poor Richard's Almanack was hung up every year over the chimney-pieces of ten thousand households. He was quick to take advantage of every advance in typography, or every improvement in the mails, and of every new facility for distributing his paper. His capacity for hard work was prodigious, even until he had passed into old age. As a printer, an editor, a publisher, a politician, a scientist, an inventor, a philanthropist and an educator, the amount of work he performed is astonishing even to this busy century. From his minor functions as a town councilman, a magistrate, a clerk and member of the Assembly, a postmaster and colonel of the militia, he passed with ease to his correspondence with the savants of Europe, to his invention of the stove, which still bears his name, to his discoveries in electricity, to the laying of the foundation of the chief hospital in Philadelphia, its oldest library, the American Philosophical Society, and the University of Pennsylvania. All this work he accomplished while he was still in control of his newspaper, which he did not give up until he was nearly sixty years of age, and was about to enter on his extraordinary career abroad as a philosopher and diplomatist.

Franklin's first partner in his newspaper enterprise had been Hugh Meredith, and they remained together until 1732, when Meredith retired and Franklin alone conducted the paper until 1748. In that year he took David Hall into the business. The connection was a prosperous one to both men; and the imprint of B. Franklin and D. Hall was known all over the Colonies. Gradually the senior partner, having become occupied in public affairs and in philosophical studies, and having acquired a competence, sold his share of the concern in 1765 to Hall, who became associated with William Sellers. The firm of Hall & Sellers continued the publication of the Gazette until after the beginning of the present century. It was only while General Howe held Philadelphia with a British Army that the paper missed its regular issues. The 2533rd number had been issued the week before. Howe forced Washington back at the battle of the Brandywine and marched into the Revolutionary capital. When, in the summer of 1778, the legions of King George abandoned the city, the patriotic Whigs returned, and among them were the two publishers of the Gazette, whose next number was 2534, beginning where it had left off on the approach of the invaders.

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From the Revolutionary days up to the present time upward of five thousand numbers have been issued regularly in as many weeks. In 1805, when the firm of Hall & Sellers was dissolved, the grandson of David Hall went on with its publication. He had George W. Pierie as a partner from 1810 until 1815, and Samuel C. Atkinson took Pierie's place from 1815 to 1821; in that year Hall passed away. The surviving partner soon afterward formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of 1821 they decided that there should be a reorganization of the concern under the name of The Saturday Evening Post. The title of the Gazette had, in fact, been so overworked as to become trite. Thus, at the same time, Richard Bache was publishing the Franklin Gazette, and there was another daily called the Philadelphia Gazette, and even more conspicuous was the famous United States Gazette. But these were not all, for Robert Walsh, whose literary genius had shown in the famous Portfolio, was also editing the National Gazette!

The office of the Pennsylvania Gazette was still where it had been in the lifetime of Franklin. From the same presses The Saturday Evening Post was printed, and the "old Franklin type," as it was called, was preserved. In the Patent Office, at Washington, may now be found the old

SOME FAMOUS CONTRIBUTORS TO THE POST

hand-press on which Franklin had labored many a day and night, and which was in the pressroom of The Saturday Evening Post. Indeed, the office was full of the traditions of Franklin. The printers of the Post gazed with veneration on the quaint "warning" which was kept over their doorway, and which had been written and originally placed there by Franklin, who always had a happy knack for rhyming:

"All ye who come this curious art to see,
To handle anything must cautious be,
Lest, by a slight touch, ere you are aware,
A mischief may be done you can't repair.
Lo! this advice we give to every stranger—
Look on, and welcome; but to touch there's danger."

The Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences
AND
Pennsylvania Gazette.

Numb. XL

THE

Pennsylvania *GAZETTE.*

Containing the freshest Advices Foreign and Domestick.

From Thursday, September 25. to Thursday, October 2. 1729.

THE Pennsylvania Gazette being now to be carry'd on by other Hands, the Reader may expect some Account of the Method we design to proceed in.

Upon a View of Chambers's great Dictionaries, from whence were taken the Materials of the Universal Instruction in all Arts and Sciences, which usually made the First Part of this Paper, we find that besides their containing many Things abstruse or insignificant to us, it will probably be fifty Years before the Whole can be gone thro' in this Manner of Publication. There are likewise in those Books continual References from Things under one Letter of the Alphabet to those under another, which relate to the same Subject, and are necessary to explain and compleat it; those taken in their Turn may perhaps be Ten Years distant; and since it is likely that they who desire to acquaint themselves with any particular Art or Science, would gladly have the whole before them in a much less Time, we believe our Readers will not think such a Method of communicating Knowledge to be a proper One.

However, tho' we do not intend to continue the Publication of those Dictionaries in a regular Alphabetical Method, as has hitherto been done; yet as several Things exhibited from them in the Course of these Papers, have been entertaining to such of the Curious, who never had and cannot have the Advantage of good Libraries; and as there are many Things still behind, which being in this Manner made generally known, may perhaps become of considerable Use, by giving such Hints to the excellent natural Genius's of our Country, as may contribute either to the Improvement of our present Manufactures, or towards the Invention of new Ones; we propose from Time to Time to communicate such particular Parts as appear to be of the most general Consequence.

As to the Religious Courtship, Part of which has been retail'd to the Publick in these Papers, the Reader may be inform'd, that the whole Book will probably in a little Time be printed and bound up by it self; and those who approve of it, will doubtless be better pleas'd to have it entire, than in this broken interrupted Manner.

There are many who have long desired to see a good News-Paper in Pennsylvania; and we hope those Gentlemen who are able, will contribute towards the making This such. We ask Assistance, because we are fully sensible, that to publish a good News-Paper is not so easy an Undertaking as many People imagine it to be. The Author of a Gazette (in the Opinion of the Learned) ought to be qualified with an extensive Acquaintance with Languages, a great Exactness and Command of Writing and Relating Things cleanly and intelligibly, and in few Words; he should be able to speak of War both by Land and Sea; be well acquainted with Geography, with the History of the Time, with the several Interests of Princes and States, the Secrets of Courts, and the Manners and Customs of all Nations. Men thus accomplish'd are very rare in this remote Part of the World; and it would be well if the Writer of these Papers could make up among his Friends what is wanting in himself.

Upon the Whole, we may assure the Publick, that as far as the Encouragement we meet with will enable us, no Care and Pains shall be omitted, that may make the Pennsylvania Gazette as agreeable and useful an Entertainment as the Nature of the Thing will allow.

The Following is the last Message sent by his Excellency Governour Burnet, to the House of Representatives in Boston.

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

IT is not with so vain a Hope as to convince you, that I take the Trouble to inform your Messages, but, if possible, to open the Eyes of the deluded People whom you represent, and whom you use so as to make them to keep in Ignorance of the true State of their Affairs. I need not go further for an undeniable Proof of this Endeavour to blind them, than your ordering the Letter of Messieurs M'Sparran & Belcher of the 7th of June last to your Speaker to be published. This Letter is Gild (in Page 1. of your Votes) to subtile a Copy of the Report of the Lords of the Committee of His Majesty's Privy Council, made to His Majesty's Approbation and Order thereon in Council: Yet their Contrivance had at the same time the unparallel'd Presumption to write to the Speaker in this Manner; You'll observe by the Catalogue, which is prefixed to the Contents of your late printing with His Majesty's Instructions (the whole Manner to be

THE FIRST NUMBER EDITED BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

And there was nothing that made the old "typos" of the Post in those days prouder, as it did in some degree all the men of their craft then, than to know that when he died, loaded with the honors of mankind, and his will was opened, the first line read: "I, Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, printer," in devising the $150,000 he left behind him.

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When the paper first came forth as The Saturday Evening Post, it was printed on the old hand presses in the Franklin office, but from that time on it gradually brought about a revolution in the weekly journalism of the country. For several years, however, it was still largely local in its character. Its editor from 1821 to 1826, Thomas Cottrell Clarke, was a young man of character and literary ambition, who afterward was associated with many enterprises in the periodical literature of fifty years, who gave a helping hand or recognition to hundreds of writers, and who, after being among the first to discover the genius of Edgar A. Poe, sought in vain to rescue the strongly gifted poet from his vices. Indeed, his experience in dealing with writers for the press in his early days went far to make Clarke one of the most strenuous of temperance reformers when the cause of total abstinence was still in its infancy. Thus poor Robert S. Coffin was a type of these literary nomads of that day. He had been a New England sailor, he was a printer, and his poems over the signature of "the Boston Bard" had a homely flavor that pleased the humble. A blind girl, working as compositor in a printing office seventy-five years ago, inspired his simple muse to one of his most popular poems, and a little paper he had published, called the Bee, was the first of the many that afterward were merged into the Post.

Mrs. Henry Wood wrote novels for it, which the English publishers eagerly reproduced after the London Times made Mrs. Wood famous by its review of East Lynne. It was to the office of the Post, when Clarke was its editor, that young Edwin Forrest came to tell of his earliest success on the stage, and Clarke has recalled how the actor appeared at the editorial room in high spirits, asking for "recognition" of his budding genius. At one time, however, the paper was most vehemently opposed to theatres on the ground that they had degraded and demoralized the social life of all the country. On another occasion, when the Fugitive Slave law was in operation, it departed from its usual course, and opened such a broadside on slavery that even its best friends were amazed at its audacity.

When Bayard Taylor, in the flush of his early manhood, was puzzling over the ways and means of going to Europe, the Post gave him part of $100 in advance for letters to be written from abroad. Taylor there laid the foundation of his fame at the rate of $500 a year and his expenses, and Charles A. Dana, not long afterward, took up the same method of getting both travel and his livelihood from journalism.

There, too, hanging about its office, was the foremost genius of American literature, jostling with the amateurs, the penny-a-liners, and the literary upstarts, who affected to look upon him with contempt. Clarke, long after he left the editorial chair of the Post, became a warm friend and defender of poor Poe; took him into his house; helped his sweet little girl-wife and her mother in their distress, and tried to keep him out of the gutter and out of prison on his last desperate spree before going to New York. Poe did a great variety of work at this time for a pittance, and apparently without understanding his extraordinary powers. Under Graham he wrote paragraphs and critiques for the Post. He startled the public by giving in its columns an analytical forecast, with much exactness, of the plot and incidents which Dickens would put into Barnaby Rudge, before the novel was published. Dickens, after he had read the forecast in the Post, wrote a letter in which he admitted the correctness of the conjecture, and wanted to know whether Poe had dealings with the devil in his wonderful analysis of the plot. Poe had a great liking for cipher mysteries and cryptograms and the study of character in hand-writing. At one time he challenged the readers of the Post to send it a cipher or a cryptographic puzzle which he could not solve. Poe boasted that, after having received one hundred ciphers from various parts of the country, there was not one which he had not immediately unlocked or translated.

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There were many more strong men in the office of the Post, but they were not known beyond Philadelphia. About 1850, and probably up to 1860, they had made it one of the two or three most widely circulated weeklies in the United States, particularly throughout the South and West. On its pages for nearly fifty years was to be found the work of the best essayists, novelists and poets in this country, and at one time before the War of the Union it was read every week by not fewer than 90,000 families. There were to be found the productions of such writers as Edgar Allan Poe, Mrs. Sigourney, N. P. Willis, James Parton, Morton McMichael, G. P. R. James, Eliza Leslie, Harriet Beecher Stowe, James Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Henry Wood, Bayard Taylor, Willis Gaylord Clarke, and Mary Howitt, and there were few American authors in the past two generations that were not represented in its home-like columns.

The Post came to be recognized under Samuel C. Atkinson as the first weekly journal in the United States to pay what in those days were fair prices to authors who were not in the very first rank, and Graham largely increased this reputation. Both men were long remembered gratefully by writers, whose career began in those struggling, formative days of American literature. Time and again other publishers sought to rival it in securing a hold on American homes, and the Saturday Bulletin, the Saturday News, the National Atlas and the Saturday Chronicle were a few of its imitators that either failed or were finally merged into the Post itself.

Indeed, there was really no more potent factor in cultivating throughout the whole United States a taste for good reading among the plain people. It played a distinct part in the evolution of literary journalism, and it blazed a new pathway in American literature. It taught and spread the wholesome sentiment of the American fireside. Americanism was made a power in our literary life.

It was thus an influence which helped everywhere to lift up the standard of home life. This it gloried in, so that it became a Post tradition that it should never offend a minister, a teacher, or a mother.

It caused the last night of the week to be associated with new and better habits on the part of the masses all over the country.

And thus it was it never forgot the traditions it inherited in the long-ago from that American of Americans—Benjamin Franklin.

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E. NESBIT, the Author of "Absolution"

THIS writer of dramatic poems is an English woman. She was born in London, August 15, 1858, and is the youngest daughter of John Collis Nesbit, an eminent scientist. She received her education in England at many schools, her career at each usually coming to a termination by her running away. She possesses a wonderfully quick and very retentive memory, and used to amuse herself by writing poetry after the preparation of her lessons. Perhaps the choicest of her early poems is one written at the age of twelve, in which the happenings on a holiday tour are very well told. She was but in her teens when she began writing for the magazines. Lays and Legends, her first book of poems, won the critics' praise, and her latest works, A Pomander of Verse, and Songs of Love and Empire, have by general consent established her position at the head of the women poets of England.

When her famous poem, Absolution, which appears in this number of the POST, first made its appearance, it was the great literary sensation of London. John Bright, the orator, declared it to be one of the finest bits of word-painting and character work he had ever read. This poem was written in a single night. Her work, rapid as it is, is subject to careful and laborious revision, an operation which in the instance of Absolution extended over several weeks.

The author is the wife of Herbert Bland, a successful critic and journalist. Her home is at Lee, a suburb of London, amid those Kentish scenes she sings so well. Mrs. Bland dresses in the most æsthetic fashion.

WILL N. HARBEN

Author of "The Woman Who Trusted"

MR. HARBEN, whose strong serial of literary life in New York begins in this number, was born at Dalton, Georgia, July 5, 1858. He was an indifferent pupil at school, excelling in none of his studies, but gaining no little renown among his fellows for his rare ability in rapidly producing compositions, written on all subjects, at any price, from a marble up to a bill-board circus ticket. He was never hard on his *clientele*, for he produced his best work with the heartiest enjoyment.

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His first serial never appeared in print. At the early age of ten, he showed such a love for writing fiction that he secured his teacher's consent to write a story instead of an essay on one of the orthodox, dry subjects usually chosen in schools. On the appointed time for the reading, before the entire school, of the various compositions, our author proceeded to read a thrilling story of adventure among the redskins, and the story was continued for many weeks. After leaving college without being graduated, Mr. Harben went into mercantile pursuits, distinguishing himself chiefly by writing strikingly unique advertisements. Later he astonished his former schoolmates by developing into quite an earnest student. He studied French and German, and with this newly acquired knowledge began translating short stories, and even novels, from German into readable English. These stories were published in the Sunny South of Atlanta.

Ten years ago he began, under the encouragement of "Uncle Remus," to contribute original sketches to the Atlanta Constitution. The first story, however, which was published in any Northern magazine, was a dramatic dialect sketch, A Tragic Story of Sunset Rock, selected from the Chattanooga Times, and published in an eclectic magazine, July, 1888. The complimentary editorial notice accompanying the story, and the story itself, were the means of introducing the author to several periodicals of prominence. The publication of a short story, White Jane, attracted a good deal of attention in the North as well as in the South, and was afterward elaborated into Mr. Harben's first novel, White Marie, published in 1889 by the Cassells. This was followed a year later by Almost Persuaded, a theological novel, of which John Strange Winter wrote: "It is what I have always tried to do and failed." This book had a wide circulation among the most thoughtful readers. A Mute Confession was accepted as a serial by Belford's Magazine, but did not appear, owing to the failure of that periodical.

It was brought out in book form by the Arena Company, and was justly popular. His next novel was The Land of the Changing Sun, which ran as a serial in a great number of newspapers, and was published as a book by the Merriam Company. Mr. Harben's next extended work was From Clue to Climax, a detective novel, published complete in one issue of Lippincott's Magazine for June, 1896. This book was highly praised by the reviews. Novels by Mr. Harben, which appeared serially and will soon be out in book form, are The North Walk Mystery, The Caruthers Affair, and A Cohutta Romance, and are all excellent.

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Mr. Harben's short stories have been eagerly accepted by the leading literary periodicals of America. Two years ago Mr. Harben was married to Miss Maybelle Chandler, of South Carolina, and they are now living in London, England, where Mr. Harben is looking after his English book interests and is at work on a new novel for publication on his return to America next winter. Tall, dark-eyed, nervous, and soft spoken, Mr. Harben is a typical Southerner, but possesses all the enterprise of a Westerner. His stories breathe a wholesome atmosphere, and his admirable handling of his plots stamp him as one of the best of the leading short-story writers of the day.

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

A STORY OF LITERARY LIFE IN NEW YORK

BY WILL N. HARBEN

With Photographic Illustrations by Mathilde Weil

First Chapter

THE store belonging to the cotton factory of Dadeville stood on a hill away from the sound of the whirring spindles, the puff, puff of steam, and the monotonous jarring of the looms. The hillsides around the typical Southern store were dotted with the cottages of mill people.

Jasper Lee, who lived in the old-fashioned, two-storied frame house in the town half a mile farther southward, was the storekeeper. Twice a year Jasper went to New York to select his stock, consisting of articles of general merchandise. He bought the produce of the farms near by, and shipped it to the larger cities.

A man of fifty-six, he was somewhat broken in spirit and physique. The war had taken from him his fortune, his fine old cotton plantation and his retinue of slaves. In their stead the war had given him blindness in one eye, an incurable wound in his right leg, and a rather morose disposition. He was but a wreck of the once fine Southern gentleman whose courtesy and hospitality were known for miles around.

Capricious fortune had left him with but two ambitions. One was that, by some unlooked-for turn of events, he might become a director in the mill. The other was that his son, Wilmot, twenty-eight years of age, might justify the expense of his education, as a lawyer, in the State University, and now that he had been admitted to the bar, might become a legal light like his grandfather, Judge Wilmot Lee, of Savannah.

Jasper's first ambition was now fading into hopelessness, for, in secretly speculating in cotton "futures," he had lost so heavily that he was forced to sell the greater part of his factory stock. This seemed a death-stroke to his ambition, for no one but a large shareholder could hope to be made a director.

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This was hard enough to bear, but his ambitions for Wilmot seemed equally hopeless. The first term of the County Court, following Wilmot's admission to the bar, was over and he had not secured a single case. Wilmot was bright and clever; why was he unsuccessful? Jasper determined to find out why, so one morning he went into Dadeville and asked the question direct of Mr. Thornton Birings, the old lawyer under whom Wilmot had studied law.

"He would do well," answered the lawyer, "if he could be made to care for it; he has a good head, Mr. Lee—a good head for law, but he doesn't seem exactly cut out for it. He has not a taste for it; it doesn't appeal to him. When this office is full of lawyers discussing recent decisions, Wilmot is quiet as a dormouse; but if the conversation drifts to literature he will fire up like an arc lamp under a current of electricity."

There were, really, two reasons why Wilmot did not succeed in law; one was his love for literature—the other was his love for Muriel Fairchild. Muriel's sympathy with him in his writing was a stimulus; her picture on his mantelpiece in the attic was an inspiration. It was for her he determined to succeed in literature; for her he must win fame and money—for then he might hope to win Muriel. He had too high a sense of honor to ask her to be the wife of a penniless lawyer. He would come to her with the halo of success around him; he would never ask her to share his failures. He would tell his father that a lawyer's life was impossible for him; he must give him some inkling of his literary work to prepare him, for the forsaking of the law, he hoped, would come soon. How could he brave the anger of his father? He concluded to say nothing for the present.

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It was the very night of Jasper's talk with Mr. Birings that he rose from the supper table to follow his son to his room.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Lee from her work-table.

"Upstairs, to see what that boy is doing," was the short reply. "I want to find out what he sits up so late over. The watchman at the mill told me he could see a light in his room every night till past twelve o'clock."

"I don't believe I'd bother him, Jasper," said Mrs. Lee; "he is busy with his writing."

"What kind of writing?" Mr. Lee paused, his hand on the railing of the stairs.

Mrs. Lee bent over her needlework. She had already satisfied her own curiosity by looking over the carefully written sheets of manuscript in his table drawer.

"I think," she said reluctantly, "that he may write things, now and then, for that Atlanta paper, The Echo."

"What kind of things does he write?"

"I think they are little stories—I'm not quite sure."

Jasper Lee turned up the stairs. What he had heard angered him. He was not a great lover of books in general, and with novels he had little patience. He had, in all his life, met but one writer of fiction. She was the sister of the editor of The County Headlight, a very unattractive old maid, who made the deeds of her ancestors the motive for her thin sketches. She had become to him the type of authors in general. That his only son should ever become such an imbecile never before entered his mind.

He entered Wilmot's room rather unceremoniously. The young man's face appeared strange in the white light of the German student-lamp; he looked tired; dark rings were under his eyes, the black pupils seemed, almost, to gleam unnaturally as he raised them from his manuscript.

"What is it, father?" he asked.

Mr. Lee advanced, laid an unsteady hand on the edge of the table, and looked down into his son's face.

"I have heard something I don't like a bit," he blurted out. "Your mother tells me you write stories for that paper, The Echo."

The young man clasped his hands behind his head and leaned back, with a faint smile on his face. He felt amused, and irritated, too, at his father for finding out his secret.

"I don't write many for it; the trouble is, the editor won't accept them often; only now and then he has sense enough to take one."

"Does he pay you for them?"

The eyes of the young man were lowered to his manuscript.

"He doesn't pay any one; he can't afford it. He doesn't charge me for the paper."

"Well, what under the sun do you do it for?" was the missile discharged by the explosion of Mr. Lee's wrath.

Wilmot always pitied his father when he saw him angry. He rose respectfully.

"I suppose," he said pacifically, "that it is owing to an unconquerable love for writing. I like to see my things printed, even if they are read by only a few appreciative people. I can't help feeling that, if I stick to it, some day I will do better work. Within me there is a passion for writing which I can no more control than I can the beating of my heart. I know I will succeed, father; I know I will make some money by it soon, and later I may even become rich by my writing."

"And all the money I have spent on educating you, that you may make use of your grandfather's library, will go for nothing—all the time you have read under Mr. Birings is to be thrown away," said Jasper, ignoring his son's dream of wealth.

Wilmot's tone was humble and gentle.

"I did not really know I was so ill-suited to the practice of law till I was admitted to the Bar. The feeling that I may really accomplish something in the profession of literature grows stronger every day. That is what I am trying to educate myself to——"

"Educate nothing!" stormed the ex-soldier as he left the room. "Do you consider writing for a one-horse paper, that can't pay a cent for your labor, educating yourself? I would be ashamed to talk such nonsense to a man as old as I am—if I were you."

Somehow, after this storm was over, after this first struggle with his father, he seemed to grow stronger and surer in his determination to follow his ideal. An hour or so later he went to sleep and dreamed of Muriel's eyes smiling at him through a full-page review of his book in one of the New York dailies.

"MURIEL TURNED AS HE APPROACHED. HER ARMS WERE FULL OF ROSES"

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Second Chapter

ONE spring morning, some weeks later, Wilmot received a letter from the editor of a New York magazine—The Decade. It contained a check for one hundred dollars, and, in a few words, accepted a story Wilmot had forwarded a month before.

He was at the post-office, surrounded by a crowd waiting for the opening of the mail. Two or three of his friends spoke to him, but he did not hear them, and their faces appeared almost as faces seen through a mist. He walked to the door of the post-office and looked out upon the long avenue which ended on a hillside.

He drew a deep, full breath, and, as he stepped down to the pavement, something within him made him feel as light as a balloon. At the corner he met Mr. Birings.

"Any mail for me?" the old man asked. With trembling fingers Wilmot sorted out the letters and papers addressed to the lawyer, keeping the treasure he had just received folded in his hand.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Birings. "You look excited."

"Only a little good news, that's all. I'll tell you about it later."

They parted. But, Wilmot, instead of going to the law-office as usual, turned down the principal avenue of the town. He still felt as if his body were imponderable. He had an almost uncontrollable impulse to stop and chat with the school-children he met on the way, to tease the dogs which barked at him as he passed. He was going to tell Muriel, going to tell her of the great success that had come into his life. It made her seem nearer and dearer to him. Did she guess his love?—a love that honor made him keep from expressing in words.

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Half a mile from the post-office he came to an old-fashioned two-storied residence, with a long balcony and Corinthian columns, a sharply sloping roof and small-paned, dormer windows. It stood on a wide green lawn shaded by densely foliaged water-oaks. As he neared the gate he walked more slowly, keeping his eyes fixed on the wide front doorway.

"She'd think it strange of me to come so early in the day," he said to himself, "and yet she'd want to know, and I don't feel like waiting till evening."

He paused and stood hesitatingly at the gate. Then his heart bounded. He caught sight of a figure among the rose bushes near the glass-roofed hothouse. He entered the garden. Muriel turned as he approached. Her arms were full of roses; she laid them on a rustic bench to offer him her hand. She was tall and graceful; her hair was a light brown, that turned golden in the spring sunshine; her eyes were hazel, long-lashed, and of a dreamy expression.

"This is really a surprise," she said with a welcoming smile. "I thought you might come this evening, but—" she paused, studying his face attentively—"what has happened? Oh, I know; you have had good news! You see how well I read your face. Tell me about it. Am I a good guesser?"

He smiled and nodded. "Yes; I have had a little literary success, and I owe it all to you, Muriel, for you have done more to keep my courage up than any one."

"Don't talk nonsense, Wilmot," she said, coloring a little as she sat down on the bench. She heaped the roses in her lap, and motioned him to sit beside her. "You would have gone on writing if the whole world had opposed it—it is in you, and will force itself out; but what news have you?"

He enjoyed her show of tender interest so much that he did not speak for a moment.

"I have never confessed it before," he began presently, "but, about three months ago, I stopped sending my stories to The Echo, and offered them to the magazines."

"And kept it from me, Wilmot!" exclaimed Muriel reproachfully. "I am awfully sorry you did not have sufficient con——"

Wilmot interrupted her with an apologetic motion of his hand, and a laugh. "They kept coming back so systematically that I was really ashamed for you to know it."

"I thought you were still trying to please that stupid old editor of The Echo," said Muriel. "It always pained me to see your work there; the paper has no circulation worthy of mention, and the editor never would pay you for your trouble."

"He stopped printing my stories even when I gave them to him," answered Wilmot with a dry laugh. "The last I sent him has been pigeonholed for two months, but I am now glad that he did not take it, for it has just been accepted by The Decade, one of the very best magazines published."

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"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed the girl, as she took the open letter and the check from his extended hand. When she had read them, she folded them together with almost reverent fingers. "I know I am as happy over this as you are," she said. "I congratulate you with all my heart, but I really don't quite understand how the editor of The Echo could keep the manuscript when the same story has been bought by The Decade."

"Fortunately, I had kept a copy of it," explained Wilmot; "and, as he would not answer any of my letters in regard to the story, I copied it off and offered it to The Decade about four weeks ago."

"I should want the editor who ignored it to see it in the big magazine, and to see the check also," said the girl kindly.

Then she paused, and neither spoke for a moment. "I suppose," she presently continued, "this success will decide you to give up the law and go to New York. I don't like to think of your leaving Dadeville, but I am certain you could succeed up there."

"I feel a little more like it, I admit," answered Wilmot. "I have had another letter from Chester. He refuses to advise me, but says that he is doing well, and that there is always room for others. He likes you, and always mentions you in his letters."

"He is one of the nicest men I know," answered the girl. "He was kind to me while I was in New York. Oh, I do hope papa will consent to my returning this fall! Madame Angier wrote him, the other day, that I was her most promising pupil. She said that I had really a wonderful voice."

"If we could only be there together," answered Wilmot, "it would be awfully jolly. I may throw up everything and make a break for New York, the Mecca of authors; the golden city where reputations can be made quickly by really fine work. Then I will forsake this old town, Muriel, which has been dear to me because it holds you. Perhaps this check may really be the pebble to turn the stream of my life."

"Don't call it a pebble, you raw boy," laughed Miss Fairchild; "a check like that is not a pebble even to professional writers. But what was the name of the story?"

"The Fallen Idol—a very simple story about——"

"How remarkable!" interrupted Muriel. "There is a story in this week's Echo by that title. I only glanced at the heading."

"My *nom de plume* was not signed to it?" he asked, his face becoming rigid.

"I don't know; I did not look. I only saw the title. Have you not seen the paper?"

Wilmot shook his head. The hand which held the letter from the editor of The Decade was trembling. The girl noticed the suppressed tensity of his tone as he answered:

"He has *stopped* sending me the paper. Have you—could I see it?"

"It's in the library; I'll get it."

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He glanced up the avenue; his heart began a prayer that what he feared might not prove true, and yet——

The girl came out, gazing at the paper as she crossed the veranda. He fixed her with a steady stare as she approached.

"It is *mine*!" he said huskily. "I see it in your face."

"The name was in such small type that it escaped my notice this morning," said she. "But does it really make any difference?"

"It is everything to me," he answered bitterly. "It entirely ruins the story for The Decade."

"You mean——" the girl sat down by him, a perplexed frown wrinkling her brow.

"The editor of The Decade has bought it with the understanding that his magazine alone will have the use of it."

"Can nothing be done? Oh, I am so, so sorry!"

"Absolutely nothing, Muriel. It is likely that he'd never see it in The Echo (and if I were dishonest I could let him publish it in his magazine), but it is my duty to return his check with an explanation."

The girl gazed fixedly at him.

"I have never been so strongly tempted to give bad advice," she said. "It seems too hard; it is cruel, cruel! It meant so much to you. A moment ago you were all aglow with enthusiasm, and now—— Oh, it's really too bad!"

"I may never have such another opportunity," Wilmot answered.

"You must keep working on your novel," said the girl. "I have so much faith in it! Do you know, the characters and their actions follow me everywhere. I can't keep them out of my mind. It's going to be a strong story—a very strong story!"

"It is awfully sweet to have you comfort me, Muriel. Do you know, it seems to me that you are the only really true friend I have? Every one else throws cold water on my plans and hopes."

"I understand." She said it with tightening lips that spoke more by their silence than she would permit them to speak in words. She accompanied him to the gate. Her face still wore an anxious expression. He knew she was taking no thought of herself by the heedless way she pressed her fresh-cut flowers to her side. He opened the gate and gave her his hand over the fence.

"I shall return the check to-day," he said. "It's just my luck. Muriel, don't bother about me. I'm not worthy of it."

"Oh, I'd like to talk to that Echo man—to give him a piece of my mind!" And he noticed the light in her eyes.

"I really can't blame him," answered Wilmot. "I was glad enough to have him publish my work. Perhaps he thought he was doing me a favor—he may have pushed my story in ahead of some other aspirant."

"I suppose you'll let him know of its acceptance by The Decade, Wilmot."

"It would do no good; I was in his office, once, and he showed me a great pile of manuscripts which he considered good enough for his purpose. Good-by. I shall come to see you soon—when I brace up. Then I may have something to tell you of my plans, and something—but no, good-by."

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Third Chapter

AS MURIEL was going slowly back up the long walk bordered by blooming rose-bushes, she saw the tall, gaunt figure of her mother appear on the veranda, sprinkling some of the flowers which were growing in rustic boxes on a stand. Mrs. Fairchild put down the watering-pot as her daughter approached.

"Who was that, dear?" she asked. "I have left my glasses upstairs."

"Wilmot Lee, mother." The girl put her roses on a window-sill and sank into a big rocking-chair. Mrs. Fairchild drew a deep breath. It had a vast meaning, and the eyes of mother and daughter failed to meet. Mrs. Fairchild took another deep breath—it was almost a sigh—then she said impulsively:

"Daughter, I must talk to you—and you simply must listen to me. I have your interest always at heart. I would not say anything but for your good. You must not get angry—you must listen."

"I am listening, mother." An expression of deep pain had taken possession of the beautiful young face.

Mrs. Fairchild put down the watering-pot and placed a chair near Muriel. "I don't want you to think, dear, that I do not like Wilmot. I think few people who know him can fail to feel drawn to him; but, dear, it is a mother's duty not to allow her daughter to fall in love with a man whom it would be foolish for her to marry. It is really the talk of the town about what a failure he has made of his profession."

"I know that," answered Muriel, "but he isn't the first young man to take up a profession that is not congenial to him. He has strong hopes of becoming a writer."

"Well, to say the least, he is not acting right to pay attention to a marriageable girl when he has an uncertain future."

"You needn't be troubled on that score, mother," answered Muriel bitterly. "We have come to a clear understanding already. He has given me to understand he would not think of marrying for a long time to come. He said he was too poor a lawyer to support a wife, and he hasn't made a start at anything else."

"Muriel, you know as well as that you are sitting there, that he is in love with you."

The color rose in the girl's face.

"He has never mentioned such a thing in his life," she said in a low tone. She took up her roses and began to arrange them.

"That may be, Muriel; but he is in love with you, nevertheless. I can see it in his face when he comes and finds you out, when he mentions your name even—but what's the use of arguing with you about what you already know is true?"

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"Go on, mother; do tell me what you started to say." Muriel seemed to forget everything in her eagerness. She leaned toward her mother and stared into her face. "You must tell me, mother. Do you really think he cares for me? Do tell me. You were a girl once. You know how it is. Do you think he cares for me? Sometimes I am afraid he is so wrapped up in his work that he does not think of me as——"

"As fiddlesticks! You know he is heels over head in love with you, and I am afraid you have allowed *yourself* to become just as foolish. I don't see what has got into your father. Surely, he ought to see you are making a goose of yourself and ruining all your prospects."

"Mother," said Muriel quickly, a sudden look of alarm in her eyes, "don't say anything to papa. He is so hasty—so—it makes him so angry to think of my marrying anybody that—you know it might cause him to forbid Wilmot's coming here. Oh, mother, remember how you felt once. Don't make me unhappy for all the rest of my life. I know what there is in Wilmot, and—and I shall never care for any one else as long as I live. Mother, do let us alone. If you don't, your little girl will be miserable."

A look of tender sympathy was in Mrs. Fairchild's sweet old face.

"I shall be acting very foolishly, I know," she said. "But I do believe you will be unhappy if I say anything more." She stepped behind her daughter's chair, drew the girl's head backward, and kissed her on the mouth; then she turned into the great hall, and went up the stairs, wiping her eyes.

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As Wilmot entered the law-office that morning, Mr. Birings glanced up from the brief he was writing, and, failing to catch the young man's eye, he turned in his revolving chair and looked at Wilmot, who seated himself at his own desk.

"Well," said the lawyer, "ever since you mentioned your good luck, up town, I have been puzzling my brain to make out what has happened. I presume Hilkins has given you the case, after all."

"Oh, it is nothing about the law," answered Wilmot, for the first time remembering that he had spoken to the lawyer that morning. "And the trouble is, it turns out to be a mistake after all. I had sent a story to one of the most influential magazines in the country. The editor accepted it and sent a handsome check, but I find that the story has been printed elsewhere, and I shall have to return the check and explain."

"Humph!" Mr. Birings turned back to his work, a look of disappointment on his face. "That's all, eh?"

"Yes, that was all." Wilmot leaned his elbows on his desk. "I am sorry I spoke of it. I had no idea you would think it was something that would throw business in your way."

The old man turned again in his chair.

"Times are dull, my boy," he remarked coldly. "I thought if Hilkins had decided to give us the case that it would have been through his friendship for you, and it would have pleased your father, and stopped the gossips in town, who are continually talking of your being a lawyer without a case."

"Mr. Birings," said Wilmot, "I want to say something to you. I want to be frank. I have made a mistake in going into the law. I did it because my father was so anxious that I should do it, but I see my blunder. However, I am not a dead man yet. I have had a great disappointment to-day, but even that is over now. I believe I can succeed in a profession I like better than the law; I believe it and I am going to do it."

"You mean you are going to quit me?" asked the old man in surprise.

"I think I ought to. I am doing no good as it is."

"But the clerical work you do for me is a great help," said the lawyer. "I really can't do without you just now."

"Oh, I'll stick to you just as long as you wish," said Wilmot. "I shall not go until you have some one who can do the work."

"I hope you'll stick it out two months longer, anyway," said Mr. Birings. "A nephew of mine, young Martin, is coming then, and he can take your place."

"It would really suit me better to remain that long," replied Wilmot, and both men applied themselves to their work.

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Fourth Chapter

IT WAS a warm evening in July, two months later. As Wilmot started down the avenue to the Fairchilds', all Nature seemed rebelling against sleep. The katydids were shrilling loudly in the trees, frogs were croaking in the marshy places, and many dogs, in various directions, were giving long-distant greetings to one another. Wilmot heard a negro picking a banjo, in a cabin setting far back from the street in a grove of cedars. The air was laden with the perfume of flowers.

As he crossed the lawn at the Fairchilds' homestead, he saw, through the wide windows which extended to the level of the floor of the veranda, that the lamps in the old-fashioned drawing-room were burning under their big colored silken shades. As he neared the house he saw Muriel seated at the piano.

He had often, under such circumstances, entered at the window, not wishing to cause her to rise by ringing. But he paused at the window and feasted his eyes on her in the pink light of the piano lamp. She was running her hands idly over the keys.

"I wonder," said the young man to himself, "how long it will be before I shall see her. It would be awful if we were never to meet again."

It was as if she felt his presence, for she turned on the piano stool and looked toward the window. He laughed and stepped in.

"Why did you stop?" he asked.

"I think I knew you were there," she answered. "I am so glad you came to-night. Mother and father have gone to a church affair. It is warm here; will it not be pleasanter out on the veranda?"

"Decidedly," he answered. He held the heavy lace curtains aside for her to pass through the window, and then he followed her. After they were seated in chairs, in a sort of bower of honeysuckle vines at one end of the veranda, he said:

"I want you to take a good look at me, weigh the tone of my voice, if you like, and tell me if you notice any marks of undue excitement about me."

"You are joking," she said. "You have been amused over something. What is it?"

"I have been intensely excited all the afternoon," he said. "But I have been doing everything in my power to calm myself before meeting you. The last time I was greatly excited you threw cold water on my enthusiasm by showing me that there was not the slightest cause for it; and now, before telling you my news, I want to be prepared for your cold douche."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You remember when I came to you, in the spring, and told you The Decade had accepted that story, you showed me an Echo containing my death-sentence?"

"Yes, but—ah, the editor of The Decade has taken another!"

"No; guess again."

"I can't guess when my curiosity is burning me up. What have you to tell me?"

He held out his wrist. "Feel of my pulse. I want you to be satisfied that my temperature is normal and that my heart beats——"

"Wilmot, don't be silly!"

"It is about the novel again," he said. "Wellington & Clegg, of New York, have read it. They like it, and have accepted it!"

For a moment she said nothing. Then she put out a white hand and he clasped it between both his own.

"Oh, I am so—so glad!" she cried. "I knew it would be so. I had faith in it. It will make you famous—remember what I have said. It will make you famous."

"I owe it all—whatever it amounts to—to you, Muriel," he said in a strange voice that quivered so much that it was unlike his own. "You have made me believe in myself. Everybody in this town has laughed at my literary pretensions but you. The book may fall flat. The critics may tear it to pieces, but the writing of it helped to make me stronger, and the time I spent on the book will not have been thrown away."

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He raised her hand toward his lips as if to kiss it, but she gently drew it from him.

"You must not do that—happy as we are," she said softly.

"Forgive me, Muriel," he said. "I forgot myself. I feel so grateful."

It looked almost as if she had regretted her action, for she leaned her head on her hand and looked at him almost tenderly.

"You said we must not think—we must not hope to be more than friends."

"You are right," he answered. "I must confess that it drives me wild to think of it, but your mother and father are right from their point of view. But it is awfully hard. They need not worry in the future. This will be my last visit for a long time."

The girl drew her hand from her face and stared at him questioningly.

"You are going away?"

"In the morning."

"In the morning?"

"Wellington & Clegg wrote me that they would like to have a talk with me about putting the book on the market in the South, and I thought I might as well take the plunge and be done with it."

"I know it is best," said Muriel, "and the sooner you get up there with other men in your line of work, the better it will be for you; and yet, I hate to see you go."

"I shall write to you often," replied Wilmot, "and you must persuade your father to let you come on and study this fall."

"I don't think he wants me to go this year," said the girl with a sigh. "It seems I am becoming more necessary to him and mamma every day."

About an hour later Wilmot rose to go.

"I am going to walk with you to the gate," said Muriel sadly.

"Do you think the folks would care?"

"I don't care what they think," answered the girl desperately. "I'm going with you."

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She put her hand on his arm and kept it there till they had reached the gate. The moon had risen above the near-by hills, causing the stars to fade from view. Wilmot opened the gate, her hand falling from his arm as he did so. He passed out and closed the gate between them as he said grimly:

"Fate," indicating the gate.

"Oh, I wish you had not said that!" Muriel said. "I don't want to think it will be like that. I wish you weren't so proud."

Her hand was resting on the top of the gate. The diamonds in her rings flashed coldly in the moonlight; her hand looked like marble. He took it and pressed it tightly in one of his. Her face, her parted lips, her swimming eyes were close to his.

"Good-by," he said.

She made no reply, and he moved away.

Turning, when he had taken only a few steps, he saw her standing where he had left her. He went back, took her face between his hands and kissed her passionately.

"I could not help it, Muriel," he said. "I really could not. Good-by."

She did not utter a word, but he heard her sob as she turned away. As she went up to her little room she faced a new realization. She knew she loved him—loved him more than words could tell—more than her life.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE WHITE WONDER

By JEANIE GOULD LINCOLN

IT WAS a large, old-fashioned house, with high ceilings and square rooms, and it stood on the corner of the square in a fashionable locality of Washington. With its suggestion of substantial comfort, and the pretty, though neglected, ground in the rear which had been a garden, it seemed strange that the mansion had stood for years with the sign, "To Let or For Sale," displayed in a conspicuous place, and was yet untenanted.

Its owners, who were obliged to keep it in repair befitting its size and location, had become discouraged because, although it had by no means always stood empty, it was seldom occupied for more than six months at a time. Being a trust estate for the benefit of minors, they finally gave directions to the agent to rent it at almost any price to respectable tenants, as, unless something could be realized from it, they would build an apartment house on its site, which might not be altogether agreeable to that aristocratic neighborhood. Therefore, when, one fine December morning, Mr. Lamson, the agent above mentioned, received a polite note from His Excellency, the Minister from Villamonte, requesting information in regard to the premises known as No. 1999, that gentleman put on his hat with alacrity and called upon the diplomat without delay.

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It did not take much time to arrange the formalities with so desirable a tenant, and the result of that morning's interview was that, after making a few concessions to the ideas of a foreigner, the agent was able to send a goodly check for advance rental to the trustees, and the diplomatic household were shortly established in the old mansion on the corner of the square.

The Minister, a man of middle age, with a pretty and attractive young wife, was the soul of hospitality, and their moving into a fine large house was the beginning of a series of dinners and other society functions which, naturally, made it the centre of attraction in the opening season. Madame da Roza spoke no English, and this necessitated the employment of a steward who, being a Frenchman, could take orders in that language, and, speaking English, convey them to the colored servants who formed the establishment. Among these was a pretty mulatto girl, sufficiently well educated to serve as assistant to Aurélie, Madame's maid, and on several occasions it had fallen to Cinder's lot to be summoned in Aurélie's place to dress or undress her mistress in the maid's absence from duty. Madame amused herself by endeavoring to teach the girl a few phrases in her own tongue, and Cinder repaid the kindly interest by an adoring devotion to her young and kind-hearted mistress.

One evening, in December, Madame da Roza decided that she was too tired to attend a reception at one of the Cabinet Minister's, and after reading a few pages of the latest French novel, and seeing her husband off for the festivity, she went up to her boudoir, and seating herself by the fire which blazed brightly on the hearth decided that she would pull the bell and summon Cinder for a lesson. But the cozy warmth of the fire proved too seductive, and a delightful languor stole over her which resulted in a soft slumber as she sat in her easy chair.

How long she slept she knew not, but when she awoke, with a sudden start, the fire had burned down to a faint glow, and with a little shiver Madame rose to touch her bell. As she did so she heard a sound of feet on the staircase, then a cry of terror, and lastly a heavy fall brought her to her full waking senses, and she threw open the door of her room and rushed into the hall.

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"Ah, *mon Dieu!* what has happened?" she cried, looking up and down the corridor. Nothing, apparently; but as she peered over the mahogany banister of the front stairs, she saw the girl Cinder lying in a heap where she had fallen at the landing, half-way up the staircase.

"It is nothing, Madame," said the respectful voice of Adolphe, the steward, from below, as he came swiftly to her aid, for the tender-hearted lady was already bending over the unconscious girl when he reached her; "she had a similar attack last week when Madame was out, and, strange to say, she fainted at this very spot, also."

The girl stirred and opened her eyes. "He is trying to speak—he wishes to tell me something—oh, his eyes——" and she fell back again into Adolphe's arms. The Frenchman gave her a sharp shake.

"Mind what you say," he said sternly in English, conscious that his mistress' eyes were upon him; "remember your promise to be silent to Madame." Then, rapidly, "If Madame will permit me to fetch her sal volatile for a moment——"

"No, no," cried Madame da Roza, "stay with her, Adolphe; I will go and find my vinaigrette."

"Are you a fool?" whispered the man to the reviving girl as they were left alone.

"But I saw him. I tell you I saw him——"

"Ten thousand fiends," swore Adolphe under his breath; but Madame had returned, and Cinder got on her feet, and began to cry and implore pardon. By the time Adolphe had translated the penitence of the maid and the kind sympathy of the mistress, Aurélie appeared, and between them Cinder was hustled off downstairs, and Madame, in preparing for bed, dismissed the episode from her mind.

About a week later the Minister sent out invitations for a theatre and supper party of twenty. Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were giving a brief season in Washington, and invitations to see the great actors were then eagerly sought and given. At the last moment Madame da Roza was prevented from going to the theatre by a violent attack of neuralgia, and decided that she would only be equal to presiding at supper, so the Minister left her in Aurélie's experienced hands and joined his guests at the National Theatre.

Half an hour before the time for the party to return, Madame, greatly relieved at the slightness of her attack, and feeling quite in good spirits, descended to her drawing-room to inspect the flowers and take a look at Adolphe's table. Both being entirely to her satisfaction, she strolled slowly back into the drawing-room and seated herself at the piano. The instrument stood in a recess of the bay window, facing the hall and commanding a view of the staircase to the landing, where there was a large, old-fashioned window, from whence the daylight could be excluded by wooden shutters, but these were clumsy and, therefore, rarely closed. Madame was a brilliant musician, and her white fingers glided softly over the keys in one of Chopin's Nocturnes.

Then, quite suddenly, her eye caught sight of a movement on the staircase, and looking up she saw the figure of a gentleman descending and coming directly toward her. He was a man of, apparently, forty or forty-five years, strikingly handsome, and somewhat pale, with a smooth face and large, mournful dark eyes. He entered by the drawing-room door, and she dropped her hands from the keys as she half-rose to greet him, supposing him to be one of her husband's guests who had arrived earlier than the others of the party; but to her surprise the stranger, keeping his eyes fixed upon hers, with a slight bow glided through the room into the next (the library), and so through the library door into the hall and back up the staircase. Madame noticed his dress, for he moved slowly and with perfect ease; it was a military cloak lined with scarlet, and he carried a cocked hat in one hand; the other was concealed under the cape.

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"He has gone up to remove his wrap," thought Madame, as she moved toward the bell; "he is in Court dress—could there have been a reception at the Executive Mansion this evening which Da Roza had forgotten to mention?" and as Adolphe appeared in response to her summons, she said rapidly, "Monsieur has gone upstairs instead of into the reception room; why was he not told where to go?"

"Madame?" answered the man, looking bewildered, "Monsieur le Ministre is just descending at the door."

"No matter," returned his mistress, as the front door was opened by the footman, and she came forward to welcome her guests, concluding that the mistake was not worth rectifying, and that the stranger would presently descend. It was a very gay party, and the circumstance completely escaped Madame's recollection until several days after, when she was reminded of it in a very unexpected manner.

The Minister of Villamonte was a constant habitué of his club, and, seated one evening in the reading-room before dinner, was scanning the daily papers when a hand fell on his shoulder and a hearty English voice said:

"My dear fellow! So glad to see you—came down from my hotel hoping to find you here"; and in a second he was giving greeting, with equal enthusiasm, to a tall man dressed in Scotch tweed.

"But, Carmichael, from whence did you drop?" he demanded; "I thought you were safe to stop in Berlin."

"So I am," responded the other, "but my wife has long been desirous of seeing the United States, and I got leave from the Embassy, and here we are for six weeks or so. How is Madame da Roza? And where are you located?"

"In the gray house on —— square. Come with me, now, if you have no engagement, and we shall find her, before dinner."

Sir Patrick Carmichael took his hat and the two friends proceeded down the street, and were fortunate enough to encounter Madame just as she was stepping out of her carriage in front of her own door. The Carmichaels had been in St. Petersburg for two years during the time of Da Roza's service there, and the warm-hearted Southerner seemed overjoyed at their meeting again. He insisted that the Carmichaels should become their guests, and in two hours Madame da Roza had taken Lady Carmichael home in her carriage.

Of course, there was much talking to do, and, woman-like, after dinner the friends sat up in Madame's boudoir, where conversation and laughter went gayly on until after twelve o'clock. Then Lady Pat (as she was known to her intimates) took up her candle and left Madame with an affectionate good-night. In her room she found Aurélie, whom she dismissed after a short time, and then going softly into her husband's apartment, which was separated from hers by a dressing-room, and finding him fast asleep, she extinguished the light in her own room and went quietly to bed. Lady Pat never knew how long she slept, but she was awakened by what seemed to her a long-drawn but perfectly distinct sigh close by her bedside.

"Is that you, Carmichael?" she asked softly, thinking that her husband, who was subject to sleeplessness, had entered the room. No reply; then, from the foot of the bed sounded the same long sigh. Lady Pat, not in the least discomposed, raised herself on her elbow and listened. Yes—for the third time she heard the sound, even more distinctly and more full of anguish; a labored breath, as if struggling to speak, and now it was near the door which led into the hall. Drawing herself up to a sitting posture, Lady Pat saw, by the dim light which came to her from the dressing-room, her door swing open gently, and on the threshold a tall man, wearing a military cape. He was plainly to be seen, as there were two gas-jets half turned on in the hall, one just beyond the door and the other at the landing half-way down the staircase.

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Poor Lady Pat, thinking it might be a burglar, and terrified lest he had rifled her jewel-case, which she remembered she had carelessly left on her bureau, sprang from her bed, and, without pausing to thrust her feet into her furred slippers, followed the figure across the threshold. She saw him go down the steps to the landing; then he paused and raised his hand toward the window. Lady Pat's thought, as she stood at the head of the stairs, was that he would spring out of it, but the scream with which she intended to arrest his escape was checked on her lips as the figure turned his face toward her. The large, mournful, dark eyes met hers; the lips moved, but no sound reached her, and as she watched him slowly fade from her gaze Lady Pat fell to the floor in a dead swoon.

When she regained her senses she was lying on the sofa of her dressing-room and her husband was trying to restore her to consciousness.

"Pat," she cried, with a gasp, "I've really seen him—him——"

"Who?" interrupted Sir Patrick, "what on earth made you faint? I heard you spring from your bed, and when I reached the hall you were senseless at the head of the stairs. My dear, I wonder you did not wake the house."

"I saw him—Philip Carmichael—do you hear? Will you believe me now, or do you still discredit Nurse Elspeth's story?"

Sir Patrick ran his hand through his hair and looked in bewilderment at his usually calm and placid wife, who was trembling from head to foot in almost hysterical agitation.

"I think I had best put you in bed," he said quietly, "and, Margaret—there's a good girl—take a dose of valerian, and I'll stay by you until morning."

But Lady Pat indignantly refused the valerian, and the sun had almost risen before her husband saw her fall into a restless and fitful slumber. Then he left her, dressed and went down to meet his host and hostess at the breakfast table. He made Lady Pat's excuses, and suggested that she should be left undisturbed for several hours. "The fact is," he continued, after listening to Madame da Roza's fears lest her guest was ill, "Margaret has been in rather a strange nervous state ever since last spring when we

"'TWAS IN A FAIR FIGHT"

went to spend a month in the family castle in Peeblesshire. My old Scotch nurse took a great liking for her, and told her all the tales and legends which are the heritage of every Scotch family of descent, and especially one regarding my great-uncle, a sad scapegrace and ne'er-do-well of whose death we have never yet had certain evidence.

"He was a very handsome dare-devil, and Margaret went wild over his portrait dressed in uniform, which hung in our bedchamber at the castle. Indeed, she got rather nervous about poor Phil, for she declared that each night, of the last two weeks of our stay at Castle Craig, she heard soft sighs and queer sounds around her bed and in the vicinity of the portrait. It was partly to break up this nervousness that I applied for foreign leave, but do you know, she vows that she saw my unhappy relative last night."

"Last night?" asked the Minister.

"Here?" exclaimed Madame da Roza, "in my house? She was with me all the evening."

"Ah, yes, but her story is that he appeared in her room during the night, and she followed him into the hall, where he faded from her sight when he reached the landing."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Madame, a sudden recollection occurring to her mind, "on the staircase? Pray, describe him."

"I did not see him," returned Sir Patrick, smiling, "you must ask her the details."

"Was he very tall, dark and pale, with beautiful, mournful eyes, and did he wear an officer's cape lined with scarlet?" demanded Madame da Rosa, turning pale.

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"That is a very good description of Philip's portrait; have you been hearing Scotch ghost stories from Margaret?"

"Indeed, no!" cried Madame, recovering herself. "But my curiosity is greatly aroused. I will ask Lady Pat what she really saw."

Several hours later the Minister entered his club with a rather perturbed countenance and buttonholed the first man he met, a well-known bachelor and a Washingtonian, with the question whether he had ever heard any ghost story connected with No. 1999.

"So you've found it out?" answered the other, with a laugh; "why, *mon cher*, there have been more tales of 'haunts' concerning the gray house on —— square than even those of the famous octagon house. Whence they came or who it is who 'walks' is more than I can say, but we all admired your courage in occupying the mansion."

The Minister swore a little under his breath, and straightway proceeded to the agent from whom he had unsuspectingly leased his residence. Of course, Mr. Lamson treated it all as the merest fable and nonsense, and assured his tenant that nothing but rats and mice were the cause of every queer sound, and disclaimed any knowledge of even a tradition which might account for the military gentleman's nightly promenade. To be sure, the house (the oldest part of it) had been occupied by the British during the few days when they invaded and devastated Washington in 1814, but when the family to whom it belonged returned they occupied it, at intervals, during the winter, and it still belonged to them.

"At intervals," echoed the Minister very dryly. "Well, monsieur, I accept your account of it, but if any further annoyance be caused my family I shall vacate the premises." And he went angrily away.

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Lady Pat spent rather a forlorn morning, but finally roused herself, dressed for a round of visits and teas, and, with a shudder and very visible pallor, begged her hostess to say no more about her adventure just at present, with which Madame da Roza's curiosity, now raised to its highest point, was obliged to be content. She had questioned Adolphe, who, after much evasion, had reluctantly confessed that poor Cinder had seen the apparition three separate times, always on the staircase, and as both he and the Minister denied the presence of any stranger such as Madame described at the supper party, she was forced to the disagreeable conclusion that she, too, had seen a denizen of the other world.

Lady Pat was restless and preoccupied even while making her visits, and when they returned Madame da Roza ordered tea served in the drawing-room, where, with the lamps lighted, and a wood fire on the hearth, they made themselves comfortable. The Minister and Sir Patrick appeared shortly after, and they sat drinking tea and chatting coolly.

"Margaret," said Sir Patrick, setting down his cup and assuming the favorite attitude of a Briton in front of the fire, "you had best relieve your mind at once and tell the tale which I know Madame is dying to hear. The lights are low, and though not precisely the witching hour——"

"Don't jest," cried Lady Pat, raising her hand to check him—"somehow I seem to hear old Elspeth's voice crooning out the story. Yes, it was a strange mixture of legend and romance, my friends.

"At the end of the last century, when the English forces under General Baird were fighting for the possession of what is now part of Her Majesty's Indian Empire, Philip Carmichael, my husband's great uncle, was on the staff of the British Commander. He was handsome, gifted and brave, but an inveterate gambler, and had been known to pledge everything, except his sword, in pursuit of his consuming passion.

"Among the hostages held by Baird for the good faith of the native Princes, was the Rajah of Jeypore, a man of middle age, but noted for his evil ways and his cupidity. He, too, was a lover of high play, and it soon became noised among the officers that Carmichael had met his match at cards. The two played, night after night, the luck setting strongly in Carmichael's favor, until late one morning, for they usually kept at the gaming-table until dawn, the Rajah had staked his last rupee only to see it vanish under the hand of his adversary. The Indian threw himself back in his chair, as Carmichael called for a fresh bottle of wine, and said slowly:

"'I have one thing more which I will stake against not only all your winnings of to-night, but the eighty thousand rupees which I have previously lost to you,' and from the bosom of his mantle he drew a small leather box which he opened and laid upon the table. The officers crowded around as the Rajah took from it a single unset jewel, which blazed and glowed in the light.

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"'It is the White Wonder, the only white sapphire of its size in the world,' he said, with a half-sneering smile, 'as old as the days of the Mogul Emperors of India. Look at it carefully and tell me what you see.'

"Carmichael and his brother officers gazed eagerly at the gem; at first faintly, and then clearly and distinctly, they saw a face—a beautiful woman's face—flash out of the heart of the gleaming stone.

"'Turn the thing over—it is carved on the other side,' cried Carmichael; but when he rolled it over in his palm there was nothing to be seen except the fiery gleam of the gem—the beautiful face had vanished.

"'Do not touch it—do not even look at it,' gasped a low voice in Carmichael's ear, and turning he saw an Indian lad, one of the Rajah's suite, to whom he had rendered a small kindness. 'Let not my lord even think of that accursed jewel; evil, black evil, will follow him and all who possess it.' But Carmichael shook off the kindly hand; the spell of the stone was upon him, and seating himself at the table he staked all he had won from the Rajah, and all of his private fortune, against the White Wonder, and half an hour later rose a ruined man.

"But from that night, Carmichael was a different being. Events followed each other with great rapidity; but after two battles had been fought and won by General Baird, the Rajah of Jeypore was found one day dead in his room, and it was whispered that some of his own retinue were guilty of the crime, as the body had been rifled of all his jewels, while several thousand rupees which he had carried in his belt were undisturbed. Shortly after the murder Carmichael was invalided home, and on landing proceeded directly to Castle Craig, where, under care of old Elspeth's mother he regained his health.

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"But the faithful nurse could not 'minister to a mind diseased.' He resigned the army, would go nowhere, denied himself to all visitors, and having quarreled desperately with his brother, shut himself up in the castle. One day the woman came suddenly into his chamber, hearing him groan, and, before he could conceal it, saw a glittering gem lying on the table before him. He started up with a furious oath, then, seizing her hand, dragged her toward him. 'Look at it!' he cried fiercely, 'the accursed thing for which I have periled my eternal salvation!' Elspeth said her mother shrank back from the baleful light which seemed to issue in sparks from the jewel, and, weeping, besought her master to throw off the evil influence and pray God for deliverance.

"'There is no deliverance but the grave,' he answered, and drove her from his room. So he lived on for several years, and bit by bit the woman made out the story I have told you of the mysterious gem without which it appeared as if her master could not exist. At last the second war between England and the United States broke out; the old thirst for fighting and adventure woke again, and Carmichael volunteered for active service. He accompanied General Ross with Admiral Cockburn's expedition, and is known to have been with the forces which invested Washington, but beyond that his fate is wrapped in mystery, as no certain intelligence of his death has ever reached——"

Lady Pat's voice died away faintly; she sat as if chained to her chair, as she slowly raised her hand and pointed to the open drawing-room door.

"He is here!" she whispered, with pallid lips. "See! he is trying to tell me—oh! my God!" The two men sprang toward her as Madame da Roza with a scream recognized her mysterious visitor of the supper-party. Sir Patrick and the Minister, seeing and hearing nothing, gazed in bewilderment at their wives, who sat horror-stricken while the mournful apparition glided through the library into the hall and back up the staircase. With desperate courage Lady Pat gathered her gown in her hand, rose to her feet, and followed it to the stairs. As it reached the landing the figure turned and she saw the lips move, and heard the now familiar sigh, as he faded before her eyes.

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The rest of the party rushed up the staircase, and Lady Pat laid her hand on the heavy wooden shutter behind which she had seen the apparition vanish. "There is something here," she cried breathlessly; "let us search the spot."

Sir Patrick and the Minister tore open the shutter, which folded back into the wall.

"Try the wall; I am sure there is a hidden panel, or some closet—ah!" as in response to their knocking a hollow sound came forth under their fingers; "look, there is a thin line here under the wall-paper."

Sir Patrick took out his pocket-knife; they were all eager; the blade cut through some layers of paper and disclosed the outline of a small panel which, however, refused to move, until, after procuring some tools and a hammer, it was violently wrenched from its carefully concealed hinges, and a small, dark opening revealed. Lady Pat pushed her husband aside and boldly plunged her hand into the dark hole; too excited for fear, her fingers closed over a small object and she drew it forth. It was a small leather box, curiously embossed in faded gilt. She tore open the buckle which held it together, and in another second a splendid gem blazed in the palm of her hand.

"The White Wonder!" she gasped—"wait—there is something else there which rustled as I took this up," and she thrust her fingers again into the hiding-place. As she grasped the paper which lay there, a tiny gray mouse leaped out of the panel over her hand, and, as it scurried off, Lady Pat, with a scream of fright, started back; there was a shooting gleam of light as the wonderful Indian gem rolled from her hand into the open panel which had so long concealed it, a sound as if a pebble had fallen, down, down—and the White Wonder vanished forever.

They peered down into the dark place; they got candles and searched with canes and sticks, all to no avail, and then Lady Pat went trembling down the staircase amid the laments of the Da Rozas, and even her husband, at the unlucky accident, while the Minister suggested tearing down the wall.

"God forbid!" she cried, as she sank into a chair in the drawing-room; "there is a curse with that uncanny stone; let it lie where it has fallen"; and she unfolded the yellow and soiled paper she held, which the mouse had evidently nibbled, as one end was gone and the sheet was full of holes.

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"I, Philip Carmichael, of Castle Craig, Peeblesshire, Scotland," so the faded writing ran—"being about to disappear, do finally endeavor to rid myself of this accursed gem, known as the White Wonder, by burying it and sealing the wall. I did not murder the Rajah of Jeypore; I killed him in fair fight, but the spell of the jewel was upon me and I robbed him of it as he lay dead. The other jewels he wore were left untouched by me. Murder, theft and rapine follow the stone that I have forfeited my good name to possess; therefore, let those who perchance may find it send this paper to——" (here the words were missing)—"tell my bro——" (more nibbling of the mouse) "to destroy or otherwise dispose of——"

Lady Pat laid down the paper. "Better so," she said, solemnly, her soft eyes full of tears. "May the tortured soul rest in peace!"

The Da Rozas have left Washington, and the Carmichaels are now in Berlin, but the ghost still walks in the old gray house on the square, and his sighs can still be heard.

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JEANIE GOULD LINCOLN

In the midst of a busy life, where demands upon her time are unceasing, Mrs. Lincoln always finds absorbing pleasure in her writing, which she began when eight years old. Her literary sponsors were George S. Hilliard and N. P. Willis, the latter being the first to publish poems written by her when she was but fifteen. Marjorie's Quest, published in 1878, still holds in constant favor with readers of all ages, a somewhat remarkable record for a first book by so youthful a writer. Mrs. Lincoln is a daughter of the late Judge George Gould, of the Court of Appeals, State of New York, and the wife of Dr. N. S. Lincoln, a well-known surgeon and physician of Washington, D. C. Her home has long been the centre of a brilliant coterie of the artistic, scientific and professional people of our Capital city she has gathered around her.

THE EYE OF A GOD

The Strange Disappearance of the Sacred Treasure

By WILLIAM ALEXANDER FRASER

In Two Parts: Part I

WHEN the strong arm of the law reached out for Moung Ouray and gathered in Hpo Thit instead, it was this way:

The gray Burmese night was thick, and Hpo Thit glided like a snake up the steps of the police bungalow, and told Valentyne, the Superintendent, that Moung Ouray had opium—many balls of it—hidden away in his house.

When he first spoke of Moung Ouray, Valentyne started a little, for Ouray was Mi Mra's brother, and Mi Mra, she was—but this is a story of Hpo Thit.

"How do you know of the opium?" asked Valentyne. "Did you put the beastly stuff there yourself and then come to cackle of the eggs of your own laying?"

"No, sir; Abdul, who is a pariah of a Mussulman, saw Moung Ouray take it off the fire-boat which goes up the river."

"And did Abdul, who is a pariah, see where Moung Ouray put the black stuff?"

"No, sir; but will not a Burman put his jewels in the strong box near his bed?"

There was a little soft rustle beyond the plaited bamboo wall which rose on the inner side of the veranda, close behind Valentyne's head. It might have been the mosquito curtain falling from the top of the bed frame over which it was thrown, so gentle was the noise.

It was the soft rustle of silk as Mi Mra wrapped a lemon-colored scarf about her throat, and slipped like a gentle shadow down the back steps of the bungalow.

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Valentyne gave a toss in his chair, and coughed long and lustily. That was diplomatic; for jungle men like Hpo Thit had sharp ears. In and out among the mango trees her slight figure flitted as she sped swiftly through the grove toward Moung Ouray's bamboo bungalow.

"The master, who makes Mi Mra laugh, asked Hpo Thit if he had laid eggs in brother's box. Perhaps he did; we shall see—Ha, ha, ha!" And her teeth, which were pink from the juice of the supari, gleamed in the flickering moonlight like coral beads.

Valentyne pondered for a few moments over what Hpo Thit had told him. His duty was straight enough; but, but—"It's a put-up job!" he muttered to himself. "It's the same old bazaar trick of ruining a man."

And, also, was not Moung Mi Mra's brother?

"I suppose I've got to help this blackguard in his villainy, though," he thought, and, calling his orderly, told him to bring the Sergeant and a couple of his best police from the jail.

Together they marched down the metaled road, between the peepul trees, and just where a sweet-scented champak grows, opposite the Beda Pagoda, they stopped. Moung Ouray's bungalow lay just beyond.

"Not got opium, sar," said Ouray in his knock-kneed English, when the police filed into his little room, and Valentyne told him what was wanted. "No opium in box."

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When the box was unlocked, on top lay his handsome silk gown; then one after another the jaunty little jackets and divers other things were laid on the floor.

In the bottom was a big, round lacquer box. When the Sergeant lifted the lid, there were four balls—four oval, white balls; as unlike opium as they could well be, for they were eggs.

Now Moung Ouray knew that he had not put the eggs there; he did not make a pantry of his clothes-box. Also, Hpo Thit had not left them. The balls he had slipped into the lacquer box while Moung Ouray was down at the *pony*, were round, and black—not at all like eggs.

The two Punjabi policemen were grinning from ear to ear. Valentyne gave a sarcastic little laugh, and asked Hpo Thit if that was the opium he had seen Moung Ouray carrying off the steamer.

"Here are no opium balls," said the Sergeant, and asked if he should search farther.

Before Valentyne could answer, a fiendish uproar smote upon his ears. It was as though the whole clash of bazaar noises had been suddenly emptied into the compound of the Phoongye Kyoung (priests' temple) across the road. It was a proper Oriental babel, the cry of "thief" cutting through the general noise like a sharp-edged knife.

"The bazaar thieves are killing some one," said the Sergeant.

"We'll have to go and look into that first," said the Superintendent, "and we'll come back here and finish the search after. You must come too, Ouray, so that this devil

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cannot say that you had a chance to hide anything. That will be the wisest plan."

That also was diplomatic, but it was the little slip of losing track of Hpo Thit that gave the evil spirits a chance to work more mischief.

"Somebody is murdering a Phoongye" (priest), he said to the Sergeant as they reached the road.

Rushing into the pagoda he found the priests in the temple clustered about the big Buddha, the "Beda Buddha," as it was known.

The priests were prostrated at the feet of the great image, raving and lamenting and shrieking in despair.

"What's the matter?" asked Valentyne.

"A thief has stolen the Beda, the eye of the god, the ruby!"

And they pointed to a great hole in the forehead of the Buddha where the sacred "Beda ruby" had been for twelve centuries.

How calm and dignified the alabaster god seemed, sitting there with his hand resting in his lap! Through twelve centuries of strife and passion, and blood and carnage, had he looked with calm serenity upon the struggles of the little men who had come and gone.

Twelve centuries *before* had King Uzzana given it to the Talopins of Panja.

When Uzzana died the "Beda Buddha" worked miracles.

And now for twelve hundred years had the sacred eye, the "Beda ruby," done even so.

The mad frenzy of the priests seemed like the petulant temper of children; their thin, brown bodies, draped with the sacred yellow robe, swayed and rocked in the weird light of their flickering earth-oil lamps as they called the curse of their offended godhead upon the sacrilegious thief who had stolen the ruby—taken the sacred Beda.

Valentyne was horror-struck at the great audacity of the thief, for the Beda Buddha was the most sacred image in all Burma. Pilgrims came from all over the Burmese Empire to strike with the stag's horn the crescent-shaped gong hanging at its side, and then plead, with forehead prone on the cemented floor in front of the god, for the intercession of the Beda with Buddha Gaudama.

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The Phoongyes watched it night and day, and how any one had managed to steal the ruby, Valentyne could not understand.

In the meantime Hpo Thit had glided silently back through the crotons, and into the bungalow once more.

The very air was full of demoniac noises as Hpo Thit slipped into the bungalow, for the crows, aroused by the priests' uproar, were screaming and shrieking in a big tamarind that towered high above the champak.

Within, all was quiet, and Hpo Thit lost no time in making his way to the box they had so lately searched for the opium.

The little lamp was still burning, so he could see just where to put the small round packet he took from the roll in his cloth, just at his waist there.

He put it down in a corner of a teak wood box; then, actuated by a sudden resolve, he picked it up, unrolled the little piece of yellow cloth in which it was wrapped, and took a long, loving look at it. As he rolled it in his hand near the flickering cotton dip, the little room seemed bathed in a flood of warm, blood-red light. Great, ruby-tinted rays shot hither and thither until the dazzling brightness lighted up the uncertain gloom, and it was as though red wine had been thrown high in the bright, noonday sunshine.

It was the stolen ruby, over which night was being made hideous with the din over across the road in the temple.

There was so much of terror, so much of menace in the hoarse roar of the Phoongyes, and the crowd of Buddhists who had been attracted by their cries, that his heart failed him—he dropped it again in the box, and then passed silently and swiftly out into the Burmese night.

As he disappeared a small figure glided out from behind a Penang mat which served as curtain to a doorway, and, kneeling over the box, searched for that which Hpo Thit had put there in such a reluctant manner.

It was Mi Mra. "Ho, ho; Hpo Thit; because Moung Ouray told Mi Mra that you were always smoking at the opium, and because of that Mi Mra would have nothing to do with you, you would have Valentyne Thakine make a thief of Moung Ouray—would you?"

Then she disappeared behind the curtain again, and the oil dip flickered lower and lower, and only the outside clamor crept into the house, it was so still.

Soon there was the steady tramp, tramp of men that are accustomed to marching, and once more the Superintendent and the Sergeant and the police came up the steps; and also were Moung Ouray, and Hpo Thit, and the Phoongyes, and others there.

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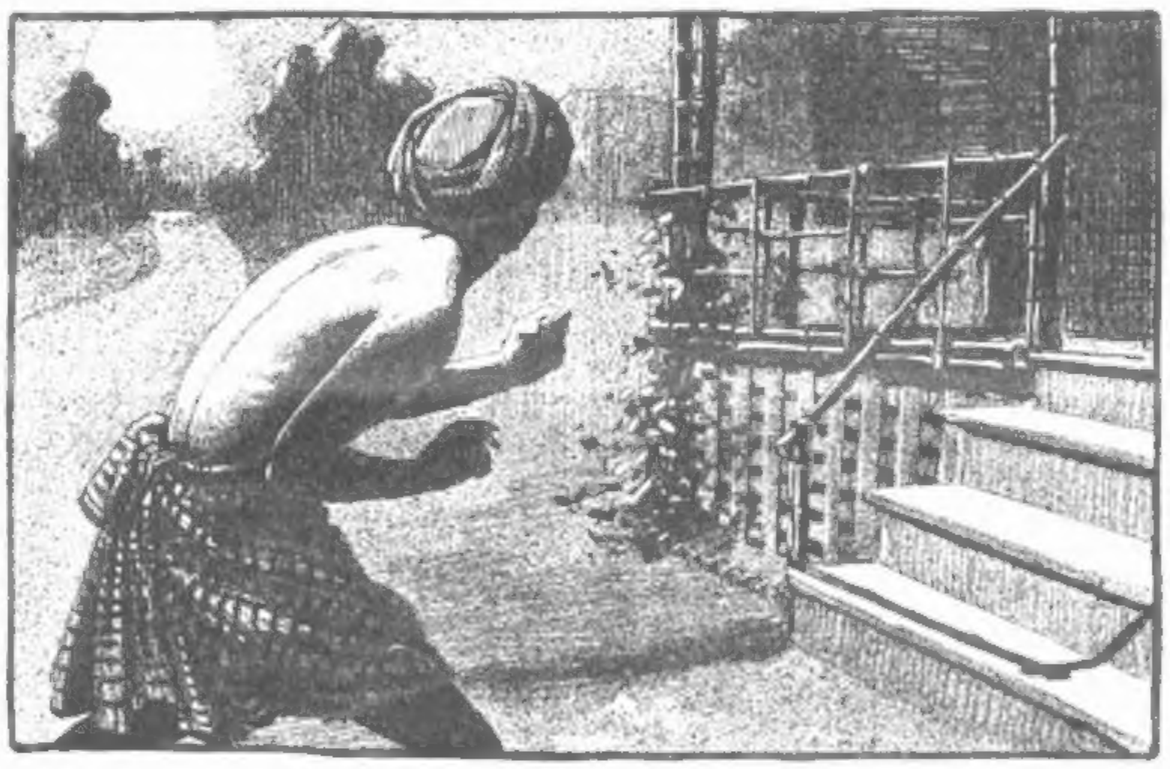
"We shall find the opium," Hpo Thit was saying; "or else Moung Ouray has given it to some one, to some of the opium eaters to steal the ruby for him—the great ruby which was in the forehead of the god Beda. If the opium is gone we shall find the ruby. If the ruby is not here we shall find the opium. I do not know all things like the Master, but that is the way of our people."

"I think that this is no end of a fool's game," said Valentyne to the Sergeant; "but we may as well finish our search here while we are at it. Where shall we look first?"

"In the box, sir," eagerly interposed Hpo Thit. "If the opium is not there, and he has the ruby, there shall we find it."

So once more the Sergeant continued his interrupted search for the box. There was nothing beyond a pair of Chinese patent leather shoes, a palm leaf, Buddhist Bible, and Moung Ouray's silken head-dresses, many of them packed away there in the bottom, to keep nice for special occasions.



"HPO THIT GLIDED BACK INTO THE BUNGALOW ONCE MORE"

"There is nothing here, Hpo Thit," said the Superintendent brusquely. "What I really ought to do is to arrest you, Hpo Thit, for a dangerous lunatic; but I'll see to that to-morrow. In the meantime, Sergeant, just beat up the surrounding country for the budmash that has taken the ruby."

That the ruby was gone was a facer to Hpo Thit; first the balls of opium had disappeared, but that he had attributed to Moung Ouray; now the ruby had vanished, and Moung Ouray had been with the police all the time.

Then he saw something which gave him a clue. It was an innocent-looking circlet of jessamine flowers lying in front of the box. It was such a circlet as the girls wore on their hair, and it hadn't been lying there when they searched the box before.

"Of a certainty Mi Mra has taken the ruby," murmured Hpo Thit, "and has gone to the house of her father. If he will keep it, there will it rest; but if his heart fail him, then will he tell her to take it to the Police Thakine." There was no time to be lost, for it would be discovered that he had stolen it, and he would also lose the ruby.

His opportunity to steal the ruby had come to him just as he was leaving Moung Ouray's house, after having put the opium in the box. For some unknown reason, probably owing to the day down in the bazaar, he had found the temple deserted for a few minutes, and had knocked the ruby out of the alabaster with his sword. Then the sudden fear and the chance to implicate Moung Ouray as the thief, his other scheme having failed, had led him to put it in the box. Now he knew that Mi Mra must have seen him put it there, and as he would be accused of stealing it anyway, he meant to get the ruby back.

Slipping away from the others as they came out of Moung Ouray's house, he quickly sped away to Mi Mra's bungalow, for he felt great anxiety about that stolen ruby.

As he approached, cautiously, he could see Mi Mra and her mother and father sitting on the bamboo floor earnestly discussing something. "They will decide; I will wait," he muttered, squatting on his heels at the side of the road.

Then Mi Mra came out, and started off across the field toward the bungalow of the Superintendent.

That was Hpo Thit's chance. He forced her to give up the ruby.

"If you tell about it," he said, as he left her, "I will swear that you and Moung Ouray stole it, and gave it to me. Then the Judge Thakine will ask how you should know that I had it, if you had not given it to me, and you will get the blame."

Mi Mra went back to her father's house; she wanted to think, wanted to do that which was the least trouble.

In the morning she told Valentyne Thakine about it; and in an hour he and the Sergeant and a file of police were chasing after Hpo Thit. But Hpo Thit had gone. One more dacoit had been created. The gun of his brother, the village headman, had gone with him. The brother didn't know that, for Hpo Thit had stolen it. It was an old-fashioned muzzle-loading musket.

It is difficult to run down a Burman in the jungle, and it was the next day before they came up with their quarry.

He had a couple of shots at them in a blundering sort of way with the old musket without hitting anybody, but, just as Valentyne charged in on him at the head of his police, Hpo Thit fired again at close quarters, and the Superintendent went down, shot in the shoulder.

Had it not been for the Sergeant, Hpo Thit would have been carved up into regulation slices; for the Sergeant and Valentyne, too, for the latter bellowed out: "Don't kill him! Take the beast alive!" After an exciting struggle he was eventually captured and securely bound with stout thongs.

"Bring him here and search him at once," said Valentyne, who was sitting up now, though suffering excruciating pain; and while the Sergeant bound up his wound, they stripped Hpo Thit clean as a whistle. But there was no ruby—nothing but much tattooing discovered.

"What have you done with the ruby?" asked the Superintendent; but Hpo Thit wouldn't answer.

Then they got back to Thayetemo as quickly as they could, carrying Valentyne on an improvised stretcher in the shape of a bed, which they got from the chief of a neighboring village by the gentle art of compulsion.

When Hpo Thit was brought back by the police, he was met by a reception committee composed of orthodox Buddhists, who were gathered together with the avowed object of honoring him with the crucifixion.

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To guard against his attaining Nirvana by a fluke, as it were, he was to be crucified head downward.

Valentyne, who was very weak by this time, had great difficulty in explaining to them that the Government could not allow such a thing to take place.

"Have patience, good friends;" he said; "we must be merciful," and he talked cheerfully of the lifelong years of living hell Hpo Thit would surely get, on the Andaman Islands, for his part in the circus.

In a general sort of way the Sergeant explained to them that they, who knew little about such things, could only make Hpo Thit wish he had not done this thing for a very few minutes, at the outside. But the Thakine, who was the Government, could cause Hpo Thit to revile the day he was projected into the world, by a thief of a jackal, for years and years to come and go.

So Valentyne was taken to the hospital, and Hpo Thit was put in a cage behind iron bars, just like the mangy tiger they had seen down at Rangoon.

"I'll have the bullet out of you in a jiffy," said the Civil Surgeon to Valentyne, as he rolled up his sleeves and opened his case of shining instruments.

"Blowed if I can understand it, though," he said, as he probed away; for the jiffy time had gone by and he hadn't even touched the bullet yet. "It must be one of those infernal skewgee slugs of theirs that he has pumped into you. It seems to have struck you under the arm as you were flourishing that sword of yours, and then traveled on down along your ribs. Heaven only knows where it is now, for I can't find it. You've lost enough blood over it for just now, anyway; but if there seems to be any complication setting in, I'll have another try for it later on. You must rest now."

The Surgeon saw it was about time to desist, for Valentyne was looking pretty well used up.

Then Hpo Thit was brought up before the Deputy Commissioner for a final committal hearing, as it were, charged with stealing the sacred ruby, and with attempted murder of the Superintendent, Valentyne Thakine.

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But the priests were clamorous for the ruby eye of their Buddha; for the matter of Valentyne dying or not they did not bother their heads—they would even let Hpo Thit go free, so be it they could come by the sacred gem again. The Burmese Archbishop had come down from Ava to see about the recovery of the stone.

They begged the Deputy Commissioner to give Hpo Thit promise of pardon if he would only disclose where he had hidden the Beda.

"I can't do that," he said, "for the wounded sahib may die; the doctor has fished for the bullet and can't get it, and it looks bad for the Superintendent's life. If he dies, Hpo Thit will have to swing."

But if the Beda might be recovered they would pay to Valentyne's family his full value in good English sovereigns.

The Deputy Commissioner was as anxious to recover the jewel as they were, so he promised Hpo Thit that if he would tell where it was it would help him much when the time of his sentence came.

"I will tell," said Hpo Thit, "because it will be easy for the Thakine to get it, and then the Thakine will remember at the time of the sentence."

All the priests craned their thin-shaven, buzzard-like heads eagerly forward; even the Deputy Commissioner was intensely excited, for if he should recover this sacred Beda it would be well; if not, the papers all through India would have their fling at it, and his life would be made miserable answering inquiries from the Government.

The Court was as silent as the graven image of Buddha itself, as they waited for Hpo Thit to speak.

Putting the palms of his hands together in front of his face in the form of supplication, Hpo Thit said: "The red stone which I took from the temple, even from the forehead of the Buddha, is in the Police Thakine's body. I fired it from my gun the last time because I had no bullets, and because, if it could work a miracle, it would stop the police that I might get away."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WILLIAM A. FRASER

Among the many writers of short stories, none shows greater promise than William A. Fraser, of Georgetown, Ontario, whose work is remarkable for originality, strength, and charming, dainty humor. In the thirty-eight years of his life he has accumulated a wondrous fund of material. He is a wide traveler and a keen observer of men. Mr. Fraser has an artistic talent which at one time seemed destined to make of him a sculptor, and in all his writings one can distinguish decidedly artistic tendencies in his groupings and word-colorings. Mr. Fraser was born in Nova Scotia; he was educated in Boston and New York, and later visited India several times and held a position in Beluchistan under the British Government. He is in reality a cosmopolite, and has a prodigious amount of local color upon which to draw. His stories are all well thought out, and are interesting from start to finish.

King Alphonso and the Englishman.—The Queen Regent of Spain, His Small Majesty, and his sister went on an excursion last summer to Guadalupe, and the eye of Alphonso was directed again and again toward a small castle-like building on a distant peak, seemingly almost impossible to reach.

"Does any one live there?" asked the King. "Certainly, Your Majesty," replied one of the officers, "that is the Casa del Ingles. For eighteen years an Englishman has lived there, without leaving the place or receiving a stranger. The only one who is allowed to come and go is his old, deaf servant." "Well, I wish to visit him." "But Your Majesty will not be admitted," ventured to remark General Monilla.

The King looked at the General in a disdainful way for a minute, and, drawing himself up to "his full height," said, with dignity, "Remember this, Your Excellency, that the King is admitted everywhere."

True to his word, Alphonso sent a letter to the Englishman announcing his intended visit the following day. A courier carried the message, and returned in a few hours with this answer: "Nothing stands in the way of the visit of Your Majesty. I shall leave my house forever to-day."

Alphonso was surprised, and, after consulting the Queen Regent, his better nature asserted itself, and word was sent at once to the Englishman to remain in his castle, as the King had given up his visit. His Majesty took pride, however, in showing the message from the Englishman to General Monilla, proving that he, the King of Spain, could "be admitted everywhere."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Philadelphia, May 28, 1898

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What the Post Will Be

A GOOD magazine is a good newspaper in a dress suit. It should have all the brightness, interest, enterprise and variety of the newspaper, with the dignity, refinement and poise of the magazine. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the oldest periodical in America, now starts out as a high-grade illustrated weekly magazine, equal in tone and character to the best of the monthlies. Its aim will be to entertain and to inform—to give the best stories and general literature, and to keep its readers thoroughly abreast of the times. In addition to the best original matter obtainable, the POST will present each week the best in the newspapers, periodicals and books of the world. It will aim to be to contemporary literature what a Salon exhibit is to art, bringing together the choicest bits of literature from all modern sources and giving them a deserved place together, "on the line."

The program planned for readers of the POST cannot here be more than suggested. It will be progressively revealed in future issues, from week to week. Besides its fiction and a strong editorial page, and novel and interesting special articles, some of the regular features may here be commented on, in passing.

Serials, Short Stories and Sketches.—Nearly one-half of each issue of the POST will be given to fiction. The stories will be selected wholly for their interest, variety, and literary value, and not because of the name or fame of the author. They will be illustrated by the best artists in the country. In this issue is begun the experiment of illustrating a serial story with photographs. The principal characters in Mr. Harben's story, The Woman Who Trusted, have been assigned to different individuals precisely as parts are allotted in a dramatic cast. These "actors," so to speak, were all chosen for their close resemblance to the author's ideal of his characters. They have been artistically posed in the various scenes with the proper surroundings, as if they were acting out the story. The resultant photographs have a realness and consecutive interest rare in magazine illustration.

"Publick Occurrences" That Are Making History.—The aim of this department will be twofold. First, it will give the story of important current events the world over in a condensed form. Second, it will explain and interpret, it will throw light on many puzzling questions, on the meaning and relations of events that come to the general reader. During the continuance of the war, there will be found, weekly, "Under the Flag" a serial history of the struggle, heroically condensed, so that at a glance will be seen the sum total of the results to date.

The Best Poems of the World.—The poems in this series will be admirably illustrated, and, wherever possible, there will be given a sketch of the life of the poet, with a portrait, and the story of how each poem came to be written. The poems will be selected, not from the standpoint of the ultra-literary man or woman, but for their appeal to lovers of sentiment. They will be poems of the emotions, those that appeal to the heart, poems that tell a story, those that are filled with human interest. They belong to what may be called the "Pocket-Book School of Poetry"—those poems that one cuts from a newspaper and carries in the pocket-book till they are worn through at the creases.

Men and Women of the Hour.—Brief, timely biographic sketches of people on the stage of public life. The hour-glass turns, and new candidates for public favor claim recognition. All the important ones will here find notice. In later issues of the POST, portraits will be added to give additional interest to this page.

The Post Series of Practical Sermons will touch the vital problems of individual living. They will be strong, fresh, stimulating thought by the leading preachers of the world. They will be orthodox and unsectarian, and helpful to the individual.

Great Speeches of Famous Americans, as an occasional alternate with the Sermons, will present the best examples of contemporary eloquence of the leaders of the nation's thought. In this department will be given much that never reaches the general public except in brief, fragmentary extracts in the daily press.

Biographic Foot-Notes.—It is on the theory that readers enjoy contributions more when they know the authors that the POST plans to give a portrait and sketch of the writer of every important article in each issue.

The 171st Volume of the POST will commence four weeks from this issue. The paging thereafter will be made consecutive, and at the close of the volume a full and complete index will be given, thus making permanent for reference a vast amount of most interesting and valuable material.

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The Fatal Vanity of Spain

ENGLAND was the first country to lose a great Colonial Empire in America by a successful revolution, says the Buffalo Courier. The events placed her beside a young and vigorous American Republic as her next-door neighbor. But England has profited by her experience. Spain learned nothing either by Spanish misfortunes or by the example of others. The Spaniards did not appreciate the strength of other people, they did not perceive their own weakness. They could not understand that they would be unable to succeed in a task in which the greater and stronger power of England had failed, and that the old Colonial system was a thing of the past—at least, in this New World. The Spanish idea seems to be that it is disgraceful to give up a hopeless task, and to admit the loss of a cause before it has suffered a crushing defeat in battle. England voluntarily and peaceably surrendered the Ionian Islands when she found the maintenance of her supremacy there too difficult and troublesome. But England was then, as it is now, a great and strong power. The weakness of the Spanish Government, together with Spanish ignorance and unreasonable Spanish pride, prevented an arrangement which would have ended an exhausting Colonial struggle and protected Spain from her present ruinous foreign war.

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Is a Continental Crisis Impending?

WE WENT to war neither in haste nor in hot blood. We went neither with a light heart nor gladly. We set about it as attending to a serious business, a great and mighty duty not to be shirked, a responsibility not to be denied, says the Indianapolis News. History will show that no nation ever entered a crisis so grave in a mood more sane. There ought manifestly to be but one voice in the nation's counsels, and that voice for the prosecution of the war in the best, most direct, most effective manner. No man of any politics should have advantage over any man of other politics. There must always be some party in power. It happens to be the Republican party that is in power now. It happens. No one needs to be told that this crisis was not foreseen at the late National election. Yet now, as Hamlet might say, "a little month, or ere these shoes are old," and we are engaged in war, a foreign war—the first in fifty years.

The curtain is drawn aside as by the Almighty hand; we can see the logic of events pressing us on. As our race checked Spain in her pride, so now it is called on to hasten her fall. It is inevitable. And it may be, if our vision were larger, we might see that this is but a portion of the same contest that is some day, perhaps, to come to an outbreak all over the world. Napoleon said that Europe would be either Republican or Cossack. It looks as if it would become Cossack. Spain and Italy are dying. France, with a stationary population, is mined with incompetency and corruption, and already started on the downward path. As the Latin races are passing away, as the larger liberty enshrined in the Anglo-Saxon is looming broader on the horizon, there comes to the other side of the stage the Cossack. Russia is already dominating Europe. Germany, under the present Emperor, is as reactionary as Russia; they are yoke-fellows, indeed.

With action there is always reaction. As liberty progresses tyranny increases. Those souls not broad enough to hold the light of freedom relapse into the darkness of dependence. So, as the Anglo-Saxon comes upon the stage from one side carrying the banner of liberty, from the other side come the hosts of reaction under the banner of authority. The world is to be between these two. On the one side is the Anglo-Saxon race, the liberal, the advanced portion of mankind. On the other side is the conservative, the reactionary portion, constituted of Russian and German. Neither people nor politicians need worry nor work on the one side or the other as to an Anglo-Saxon alliance. The two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race will mingle because they are alike. A mightier thing than statecraft is shaping the destinies of the world.

The two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race are tending steadily toward a union. The war with Spain is the opening scene in a great world drama. It may not all be placed on the stage in one generation. But it is prepared and is coming, and so in this opening scene a united country should have union in its counsels and union in its efforts. The man who attempts to serve party now or serve self is a moral traitor. Mr. Hayes said: "He serves his party best who serves his country best." There is but one issue before the American people—the speedy and thorough prosecution of the war with Spain.

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Are We Americans an Isolated People?

MUCH is being written nowadays to show that the people of the United States are in a bad way because the sympathy of the world is against them in the war with Spain. In a sense, we are isolated, and the reason that we are constitutes one of the chief elements of our strength. The American Union is a lusty family, living under one roof. There are no relatives scattered over the earth that it is obliged to support or protect. In the matter of actual necessities we can support ourselves without going off of our possessions. We are able to take care of ourselves in troublesome as well as in peaceful moments, without aid from our neighbors. As we grow and make more of many things than we require for our sustenance, we find a profitable occupation in supplying our surplus to other less favored peoples.

We will admit that, as a people, we occupy a unique station among the peoples of the earth; but we do not stand alone, as a man without friends.

It is true that there are agencies at work at the moment creating unfriendly sentiments toward us. We do not expect every people to love us at all times. That some peoples think we are wrong and that Spain is right is neither strange nor without explanation.

Austria-Hungary is bound by family ties to extend its sympathy to Spain irrespective of the declared reasons for the war; yet the dual monarchy would imperil itself by doing us an open, serious injury. The French, who would be expected to maintain their historical friendship with us, incline to Spain, because they have large sums of money invested in her bonds, and misfortune to Spain would entail heavy losses on them. The French, again, do not like us just now because Great Britain has shown a decided leaning our way, and has also, recently, frustrated some French plans of aggrandizement in China. Russia is showing a little feeling against us, because she fears the effects of a possible Anglo-American understanding on her Eastern schemes. She thinks that because she offered us a fleet, in 1861, we have no right to be on exceptionally good terms with our cousins across the Atlantic. Germany is somewhat jealous of our commercial status, does not like our tariff, is averse to the establishment on the Philippine Islands of an American interest in rivalry with her own, and is now opposing about everything that Great Britain favors. With all the divergence of views, the nations have found their best policy in keeping their hands off of us. This, certainly, is an acknowledgement of our strength. In reality, and despite temporary criticism, the nations are bound to us by ties they would not willingly sever. Our mutual commercial relations are too vast to be placed in jeopardy, and because of them we never can become an isolated people.

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America's Message to the World

DOES Prof. James Bryce imagine that this little war with Spain will work a radical change in the character of the American people? It will change our habits, we admit, says the New York Times. We shall keep a larger Navy and a larger Army. We have been very heedless in not doing that before. But will our adventure with Spain make us keen to find occasion to use our Army and Navy? Will it make us meddlesome and aggressive? There is not the remotest chance of such a transformation in the character of our people. Is it reasonable to suppose that in exercising upon this miserable Spaniard a part of the qualities implanted in us by ages of inheritance and two centuries of environment we shall part with the rest? Does a man of peaceful life become a swaggering bully as a consequence of thrashing a loafer who has annoyed him?

Professor Bryce knows us too well to harbor any such apprehensions on our account. His broad philosophic mind would not misjudge our motives or our behavior, nor have misgivings about our future if it had not drunk at poisonous sources of information. The "grave difficulties" in which Professor Bryce fears we may become involved in consequence of going to war with Spain are imaginary so far as he connects them with the development of new and untoward qualities in our National character. So far as our foreign relations are concerned, the vigorous prosecution of this war to the complete attainment of its announced objects will sweep difficulties from our path and fortify our position among the nations of the earth as a people to be respected, with whom it is easy to be upon friendly terms, and with whom it will certainly be unwise to be upon terms other than friendly.

The delusion that this world has now come upon a time when all is to be sweetness and light, when the possessions of the weak are no longer to be subject to the rapacity of the strong, when Spain and Turkey are to be free from guile, and the imperial masters of Russia and Germany are about to enter a monastery, leaving their happy peoples to govern themselves, when, therefore, navies are no longer necessary and coast defenses are to be replaced by signs of welcome, has spread among us. Our simple trust, however, has put us in the way of getting abused. It is undeniable that we are looked on by a great part of "abroad" as a people who will stand anything so long as we are allowed to go on making money. We have not, happily, the reputation of being fighters. But the inference is pushed too far by some observers. They conclude that we are a spiritless lot whom it would be quite safe to browbeat and crowd into a corner.

Our recent conduct had now put foreign nations under the necessity of a total change of opinion about our disposition. The Venezuela message of President Cleveland said plainly to all the nations of the earth that we held and should defend certain opinions about New World affairs which we had a right to hold and a duty to defend. That pronouncement made England our firm friend. It caused some Continental governments to set their "reptile press" to blustering about our conceit and our intolerable pretensions, but it helped every German, every Russian, every Frenchman of them all to get a new opinion of our National character. And now it falls to us to put Spain out of Cuba. We have protested against her atrocities for half a century, and have endured them with an excess of patience that filled her with the belief that we had not the courage to interfere with her detestable practices. Now that she has felt her old bones crack under our grip she is made aware of her mistake.

The others are made aware of their mistake, too. But for the Venezuela message and the Spanish War it is by no means likely that we should have been left to enjoy our contented, plodding life without molestation and alarms. It is improbable, even, that the desirable possessions about us would have escaped the covetous eye of Powers newly caught with the fancy of a Colonial policy. But it is an unfounded apprehension that we shall straightway or at any time begin to use this new spirit and new power save in the assertion of our just rights and for the defense of National interests. Those we shall assert and defend. But not a ship, not a shell, for aggression or invasion of the rights of others. We can never stoop to that.

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The Present Age of Chivalry

SUCH of the British papers as do not unqualifiedly place their hopes and sympathies on the American side in this war, dwell at length upon the pathetic plight of the Queen Regent of Spain, says the Boston Journal. It is natural enough that chivalrous sympathy should be aroused for the mother who faces the inevitable demolition of the Empire over which her son was some day to be ruler. Neither are we unconscious of that chivalry on this side of the water. There has been no manifestation of disrespect toward the unhappy mother at Madrid. She is the subject of no insult, no sneer. She could pass across this country in safety as a mere woman. On the other hand, many feeling words have been spoken for her, and the press, without exception, refers to her invariably with the respect which she deserves.

The contrast is illuminating. It makes clear that in war, as in peace, the American people never forget the honor due a woman and a mother. All the chivalry Great Britain shows this Austrian mother the United States shows, and there is no gallantry so imposing as that displayed toward an enemy. The age of economists and calculators has not removed men of honor. But it is not for us to pause in our work for humanity because a woman is Regent on a throne which stands for Mediævalism and brutality.

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The Future of the Philippines

A GREAT maritime Power holding the Philippines ought to be mistress in the far East; which of them is it to be? America is owner of the islands, says the Spectator, but she will not want to keep them, thus giving hostages to all the maritime Empires; and she can hardly invest the medley of dark races who inhabit the Philippines with independence and self-government. Manila is not Spanish, like Porto Rico, but Asiatic, and would be only a new Hayti. At the same time, America will not like to transfer the Philippines to a non-Christian Power, even if it should be ready to offer the forty millions sterling at which Japan values the possession; to whom, then, is she to offer the myriad of islands, harbors and plantations, with their four or five millions of copper-colored people, two millions and a half of them nominally Christian? There will be fierce biddings for that prize, fierce biddings and fierce jealousies among those who bid and who are not triumphant. We can hardly imagine anything which would so excite Russia, Great Britain, Germany and France as the idea that a rival maritime Power would for all time be seated on the thousand islands of the Philippine group.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Interest of America in Sea Power

Capt. A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.

NO SUBJECT is attracting wider public attention than the achievements of the United States Navy. Every movement is keenly watched, from the blockading of Havana to the storming of Matanzas and the thrilling fight off Manila. Especially timely, therefore, is the appearance of Captain Mahan's latest book, The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future. When Mahan speaks of ships the world has learned to listen. The essays which make up this volume have already appeared in various periodicals, but they possess a rare timeliness in view of the fact that America is proving to the world that her thirty-three years of peaceful life have strengthened, not weakened, her mighty right arm.

In the mere number of ships England and Russia far surpass us; but ships merely make a fleet; it takes ships, men and discipline to make a Navy. In these essentials the American Navy is unsurpassed. Captain Mahan has implicit faith in the American sailor. He believes that America will take her place among the great naval powers of the earth, and he has devoted all his energies to impressing the importance of this stand on his fellow-countrymen. He has but one sermon to preach, however much he may change the text; Hawaii, the Isthmus, the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, all furnish pegs on which to hang his discourse.

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He maintains that the United States, like England, is to all intents an insular power, and dependent, therefore, upon a Navy. "Popular feeling and the deliberate judgment of statesmen alike have assented that, from conditions we neither made nor control, interests beyond the sea exist, have sprung up of themselves, which demand protection. 'Beyond the sea'—always means a Navy."

It is undoubtedly true, as Captain Mahan points out, that the control of the seas, especially along the great lines drawn by National interest or commerce, is the chief among the merely material elements in the power and prosperity of the nations. This is so because the sea is the world's great channel of circulation. "From this necessarily follows the principle that as subsidiary to such control it is imperative to take possession, when it can be done righteously, of such maritime positions as contribute to secure command." While many claim that a policy of colonization, of securing outlying provinces, or dependencies, will prove a source of National weakness, Captain Mahan claims that such a course of action will give us proper place among the great military powers of the world, and will tend to increase the world's sum of happiness. Other nations will remove their hats when in our presence.

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Never before have the relations between England and the United States been so close. "The two nations whose interests have come now into contact—Great Britain and the United States—are so alike in inherited traditions, habits of thought, and views of right, that injury to the one need not be anticipated from the predominance of the other in a quarter where its interests also predominate. Despite the heterogeneous character of the immigration which the past few years have been pouring into our country, our political tradition and racial characteristics still continue English—Mr. Douglas Campbell would say Dutch, but even so the stock is the same.

"Though thus somewhat gorged with food not wholly to its taste, our political digestion has contrived so far to master the incongruous mass of materials it has been unable to reject; and if assimilation has been at times imperfect, our political constitution and spirit remain English in essential features. Imbued with like ideas of liberty, of law, of right, certainly not less progressive than our kin beyond sea, we are, in the safeguards deliberately placed around our fundamental law, even more conservative.

"That which we received of the true spirit of freedom we have kept—liberty and law—not the one nor the other, but both. In that spirit we not only have occupied our original inheritance, but also, step by step, as Rome incorporated the other nations of the peninsula, we have added to it, spreading and perpetuating everywhere the same foundation principles of free and good government which, to her honor be it said, Great Britain also has maintained throughout her course. And now, arrested on the south by the rights of a race wholly alien to us, and on the north by a body of States of like traditions to our own, whose freedom to choose their own affiliations we properly respect, we have come to the sea.

"In our infancy we bordered upon the Atlantic only; our youth carried our boundary to the Gulf of Mexico; to-day maturity sees us upon the Pacific. Have we no right or no call to progress farther in any direction?

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"This is the question that long has been looming upon the brow of a future now rapidly passing into the present. Of it the Hawaiian incident is a part—but in its relations to the whole so vital that, as has been said before, a wrong decision does not stand by itself, but involves, not only in principle but in fact, recession along the whole line."

The close of this war with Spain will undoubtedly leave us in possession of the Philippines and of Porto Rico, with the Spaniards driven from Cuba. Here, then, is our chance to embark upon the policy championed by Captain Mahan. But would such a course not involve immense outlay for ships and guns with which to defend our new possessions? "Preparedness for naval war consists not so much in the building of ships and guns as it does in the possession of trained men in adequate numbers, fit to go abroad at once and use the material, the provision of which is merely one of the preparations for war." A formidable fleet would undoubtedly be a strong argument for peace. "Durable naval power besides depends ultimately upon extensive commercial relations, consequently, and especially in an insular State, it is rarely aggressive in the military sense. Its instincts are naturally for peace because it has so much to protect at stake outside its shores."

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"Ease unbroken, trade uninterrupted, hardship done away, all roughness removed from life—these are our modern gods; but can they deliver us, should we succeed in setting them up for worship? Fortunately, as yet we cannot do so. We may, if we will, shut our eyes to the vast outside masses of aliens to our civilization, now powerless because we still, with a higher material development, retain the masculine combative virtues which are their chief possession; but, even if we disregard them, the ground already shakes beneath our feet with physical menace of destruction from within, against which the only security is in constant readiness to contend.

"In the rivalries of nations, in the accentuation of differences, in the conflict of ambitions, lies the preservation of the martial spirit, which alone is capable of coping finally with the destructive forces that from outside and from within threaten to submerge all the centuries have gained.

"It is not then merely, nor even chiefly, a pledge of universal peace that may be seen in the United States becoming a naval power of serious import, with clearly defined external ambitions dictated by the necessities of her interoceanic position; not yet in the cordial cooperation, as of kindred peoples, that the future may have in store for her and Great Britain. Not in universal harmony, nor in fond dreams of unbroken peace, rest now the best hopes of the world, as involved in the fate of European civilization.

"Rather in the competition of interests, in that reviving sense of nationality, which is the true antidote to what is bad in socialism, in the jealous determination of each people to provide first for its own, of which the tide of protection rising throughout the world, whether economically an error or not, is so marked a symptom—in these jarring sounds which betoken that there is no immediate danger of the leading peoples turning their swords into ploughshares—are to be heard the assurance that decay has not yet touched the majestic fabric erected by so many centuries of courageous battling.

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"In this same pregnant strife the United States doubtless will be led, by undeniable interests and aroused National sympathies, to play a part, to cast aside the policy of isolation which befitted her infancy, and to recognize that, whereas once to avoid European entanglement was essential to the development of her individuality, now to take her share of the travail of Europe is but to assume an inevitable task, an appointed lot, in the work of upholding the common interests of civilization. Our Pacific slope, and the Pacific colonies of Great Britain, with an instinctive shudder have felt the threat, which able Europeans have seen in the teeming multitudes of Central and Northern Asia; while their overflow into the Pacific islands show that not westward by land, but also eastward by sea, the flood may sweep.

"I am not careful, however, to search into the details of a great movement, which indeed may never come, but whose possibility, in existing conditions, looms large upon the horizon of the future, and against which the only barrier will be the warlike spirit of the representatives of civilization. Whate'er betide, sea power will play in those days the leading part which it has in all history, and the United States, by her geographical position, must be one of the frontiers from which, as from a base of operations, the sea power of the civilized world will energize."

We may not agree with all of Captain Mahan's conclusions, but it is impossible to deny that he urges his plea for a great naval force flying the Stars and Stripes with moderation and cogency. No more intelligent or better-equipped writer has ever dealt with the subject of maritime power.

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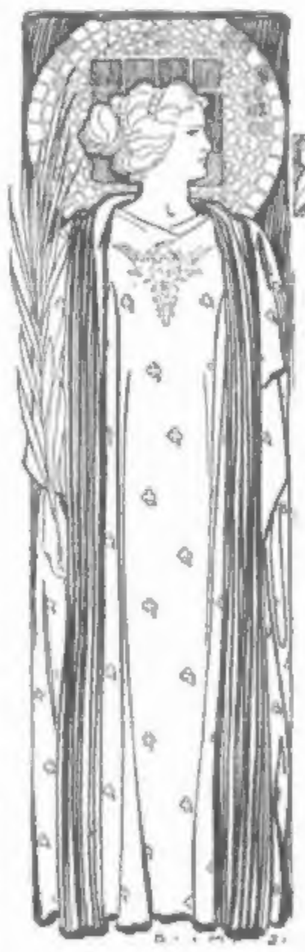

HEROES OF THE CIVIL WAR

By Charles William Eliot, LL. D., President of Harvard University

THE personal heroism of the men we commemorate here—of those who survived as well as those who fell—had two elements which are especially affecting and worthy of remembrance.

In the first place, these men went through all the squalor, wretchedness, and carnage of war without having any clear vision of their country's future. They did not know that victory was to crown the Union cause; they did not know that the nation was to come out of the four-years' struggle delivered from slavery, united as before, and confident as never before in its resources and its stability. One of the worst horrors in 1860-61, before the war opened, was the sickening doubt that filled our hearts as to whether we really had any country.

Civil war is immeasurably worse than any other war, because it inevitably creates just this terrible doubt about the National future. It was not until 1864-65 that it became plain that the North would ultimately win military success, and even then all men saw that after military success would come immense civil difficulties. The heroism of the soldiers on both sides, and the pathos of their sufferings and sacrifices, are greatly heightened by their inability to forecast the future. Like all devoted souls, they walked by faith and not by sight. Most of the men, whose names are written on these walls, died with no shout of victory in their ears, or prospect of ultimate triumph before their glazing eyes. To console them in their mortal agony, in their supreme sacrifice, they had nothing but their own hope and faith.

Secondly, the service these men rendered to their common country was absolutely disinterested. No professional interest in war influenced them. No pay, or prize money, or prospect of pension had the least attraction for them. They offered their services and lives to the country, just for love, and out of the determination that, if they could help it, the cause of freedom should take no harm. On the spur of the moment they abandoned promising civil careers, dear homes, and the natural occupations of men who had received collegiate training, for the savage destructions and butcheries of war. No mercenary motive can be attributed to any of them. This disinterestedness is essential to their heroic quality. The world has long since determined the limits of its occasional respect for mercenary soldiers. It admires, in such, only the faithful fulfillment of an immoral contract. The friends we commemorate here had in view no outward rewards near or remote.

To these heroes of ours, and to all soldiers of like spirit in the Civil War, we owe debts which can never be paid except in respect, admiration, and loving remembrance. We owe to them the demonstration that out of the hideous losses and horrors of war, as out of pestilence, famines, shipwrecks, conflagrations, and the blastings of the tornado, noble souls can pluck glorious fruits of self-sacrifice and moral sublimity. And further, we owe them a great uplifting of our country in dignity, strength and security.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This Decoration-Day address, delivered at Harvard University, May 30, 1896, is taken from American Contributions to Civilization, a collection of essays and addresses by Charles William Eliot, President of Harvard University. Published by The Century Company, New York.

WITH A PERSONAL FLAVOR

Reflecting Many Characteristics

How Pierre Loti Met Bernhardt.—Sarah Bernhardt said to a persistent reporter lately: "I have told you everything. There is nothing that remains for me to say. You are as bad as Pierre Loti!" "What on earth has Pierre Loti done to you?" "Oh, simply that once upon a time he made up his mind that he was going to make my acquaintance. First he wrote me a letter expressing his admiration for me. Oh, his letter was most proper, and he did me the honor of dedicating a book to me. I thanked him, but I did not invite him to call on me.

"Then he played me a trick, so determined was he to see me at short range. It was Exposition year. My Marie came to me one day and told me a Japanese gentleman wished to see me. You know I am fond of curiosities, so I told the girl to admit the visitor. Parblieu! It was Pierre Loti. I sent him about his business. Another time it was two Arabs who came. One of them, a huge fellow, was carrying in his arms an Arab manikin. Of course, the manikin was again Pierre Loti. There was nothing left for me to do but to ask him to call, dressed as a Frenchman of the nineteenth century."

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Paying Evarts $250,000 for One Word.—What would you think if you could make $250,000 by speaking a single word? Hon. William M. Evarts, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, once received the enormous fee of $250,000 for a legal opinion he expressed in just one word of three letters.

A great corporation desired a legal opinion on a matter involving millions of dollars, for upon it practically depended that corporation's very existence. They decided to refer the question, which was wholly one of the correct interpretation of law, to William M. Evarts, and to be guided wholly by his opinion. Their lawyer stated their case to the Senator, and asked him the important question. Evarts' reputation and success are wholly due, not as a cross-examiner or conductor of cases, but simply to his remarkable knowledge of law and his power, which seems almost like intuition, of determining just how the Supreme Court will decide any question of law.

When the attorney for the great corporation put his question, so vitally important to that corporation's existence, Evarts sat buried in thought for a moment, and then answered in one word, "Yes." His bill for that one word was $250,000, and the corporation paid it without a murmur. Evarts' answer proved to be correct.

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Speaker Reed's Little Joke.—Recently Speaker Reed wished to see a man on some pending legislation, and telegraphed for him to come to Washington. The man took the first train available, but a washout in the road made it impossible for the train to proceed. Going to a telegraph station he sent this dispatch to the Speaker:

"Washout on the line. Can't come."

Reed sent back this reply:

"Buy a new shirt and come anyway."

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When Churchill was in Philadelphia.—When Lord Randolph Churchill was last in America he visited Philadelphia; and, while collecting statistics relating to the State Prisons of Pennsylvania, he was referred to the head of the Prisons Board, Mr. Cadwallader Biddle. Before calling, Lord Randolph fell into the hands of wags of the Union League Club.

"You've got the name wrong," said one of these merry jesters: "it's not Cadwallader Biddle, but Bidcallader Addle."

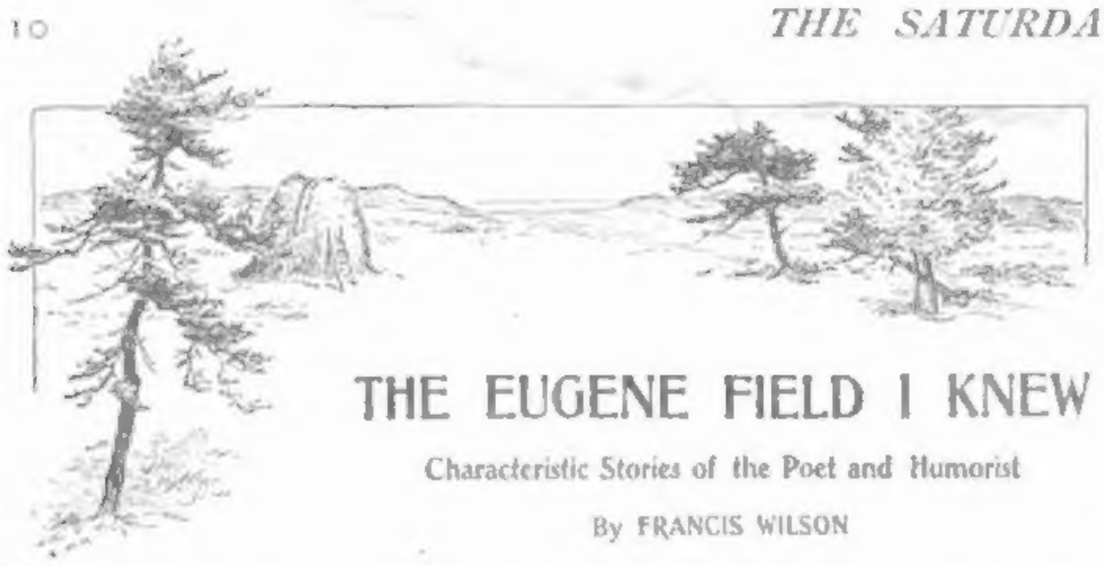
"Don't mind what he says, Lord Randolph," exclaimed another; "the real name is Wadbillader Caddle."

A third member took the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer aside and imparted to him in confidence that he was being gulled.

"The actual name," confided his false friend, "is Didbollarder Widdle."

And when Lord Randolph drove to the Prisons Board that afternoon he was so much upset that he stammered:

"Will you take this card in to Mr. Bid—cad—wid—wad—did—dollarder, what's his name? I mean the Chief, but I forget his extraordinary nomenclatural combination."



THE EUGENE FIELD I KNEW

Characteristic Stories of the Poet and Humorist

By FRANCIS WILSON

THERE were many Eugene Fields. Like the Apostle, he was all things to all men and much to many. Curiously enough, the Eugene Field of Julian Hawthorne was diametrically the opposite of George W. Cable's Eugene Field.

He was well nigh idolized in Chicago, where he delighted to live, and from which place "gold, silver, jewels and precious stones" could not tempt him permanently.

To "Bill Nye" he was an eccentric, but charming, companion, and James Whitcomb Riley, wondering at his versatility of talent, found Field "an isolated character running counter to any prior opinion that might have been formed of him." He was a terror to politicians, a Homer to the children, and indifferent to everybody.

He bore unique relations to each of his friends and acquaintances, as many of them have eloquently testified. As Field came to be a conspicuous literary figure, it was most interesting to observe his keen enjoyment of his growing reputation. He played the lion with admirable modesty and the tact of a Talleyrand. If the situation required it, he could "aggravate his voice so that he could roar you as gently as any sucking dove."

Possessed of a deep, sonorous bass voice, an unconventional manner, and much magnetism, he easily made himself the centre of any group in which he chanced to mingle. He constantly attracted people who were as far removed as possible, seemingly, from any interest in the work in which he was engaged; then his missionary labors began; and in a few weeks, under the stimulating guidance of their poetic friend, his new acquaintances would be collecting books and rapidly developing into genuine bibliomaniacs. In this conversion of an indifferent soul into an enthusiastic worshiper at the shrine of literature Eugene Field rejoiced.

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His devotion to his friends was beautiful. With a great degree of truth, it is said that his recreation consisted chiefly in the task of illuminating poems, or of writing dedicatory addresses in presentation copies of books which he gave them. He would give hours to the embellishment of a letter which it had taken him but ten minutes to write. His magnetic power was so strong that many whom he had publicly ridiculed stood with bowed heads about his coffin.

Except at those infrequent times when he permitted his face to take a serious cast, the Eugene Field whom I knew had little or nothing morose about him, little or nothing that was not of the brightest, sunniest character. He had a wonderfully keen appreciation of the humorous and ridiculous, and a facility for turning a proposition from grave to gay, and from gay to grave, as unusual as it was diverting.

To know Field in his happiest moods was to sit as audience to him while, with book in hand, he read aloud some production, as the poems of the Sweet Singer of Michigan, and commented thereon. His dry, sly little chuckle (I never heard him laugh heartily) attracted you, if you were observing, while his criticisms were irresistible.

His "Oh, isn't that lovely!" as he would crow and narrow his shoulders in delight, when he met some especially crude line as,

> "While on earth he done his duty,"

and the mock-seriousness with which, still reading, he would troll out:

> "And now, kind friends, what I have wrote,
> I hope you will look o'er,
> And not criticise as some have done,
> Hitherto, heretofore."

and his unique way of hunching himself into various comic positions on his chair were very mirth-compelling.

He was not unmindful of the effect which he was producing, and grinned good-naturedly all the while at your helpless emotion—the tribute of laughter serving but to greatly stimulate his "antic disposition."

Field was very fertile in jocular invention and very swift to seize upon a suggestion.

He was one of the journalists who once accompanied Carl Schurz from St. Louis on a political campaign through Missouri. At one of their halting places, the gentleman who was to introduce Mr. Schurz did not put in an appearance. It was finally suggested that Field make the introductory remarks. The audience was large and expectation ran high. Field puffed out his chest and, assuming a superdignified manner and a strong German accent, addressed the meeting as follows:

> "Ladies and Chentlemens: I have such a severe cold dot I cannot make me a speedg to-night, but I hat the bleasure of to introduce to you my prilliant young chournalistic gompanion, Mr. Eucbene Fielt, who will speak in my blace."

With this Mr. Schurz was presented, it is said, in no very pleasant frame of mind. The explanation which followed caused uproarious laughter. One can but marvel at Field's temerity, for he was wholly unknown at the time.

The plan hit upon to gain a much-needed increase in salary from his employer, the proprietor of the Daily News, was as original and as successful a bit of fooling as Field ever conceived and carried into completion. He was of too sensitive a nature to invite the shock of a direct refusal, and so absenting himself from the office for a few days, he finally returned with four of his children, who, with himself, were in as dilapidated a condition as it was possible for mortals to be and still retain a measure of dignity and self-respect. Once in the presence of his employer the five went through a series of most appealing gestures and glances, never speaking, until Mr. Field at length pitifully asked: "Please, Mr. Stone, can't you see your way to raise my salary?"

Field's estimate of his long-time patron may be gathered from this quaint inscription in a book:

> "To Melville E. Stone, once my employer, always my creditor, eternally my friend."

At Denver, Field gave himself over to even wilder boyish pranks, as when arrayed in a velveteen coat and knee-breeches, and with a huge sunflower in his hand, he rode through the city in an open barouche, being mistaken by the wondering populace for a well-known æsthete who was expected.

The association of Field and Mr. George W. Cable in a lecturing tour, though interesting for the public, was about as quaint and strange a combination as one can well imagine. Cable is all gentleness and suavity; Field, on the other hand, was bristling and boisterous. It is likely that Cable never quite knew just what unusual thing Field was going to do next. Certain it is that Field gave him many anxious moments.

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While the two men were lecturing at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, desiring to greet Mr. Field, I slipped back of the scenes and found him tilted in a chair, feet on table, book in hand, reading over the poem which he was about to recite. The Cable-Field reading was in the afternoon, and Lottie Collins, the seriocomic vocalist, was to occupy the theatre in the evening. It was in Miss Collins' room that Field was sitting, and stage paraphernalia were all about. A glittering hat-pin was remarked in the lapel of Field's coat, and he was questioned about it. "You see," he said, "I am making a collection of Rhinestone hat-pins; and, traveling as I am, lecturing in various theatres, I have exceptional opportunities for picking up such souvenirs at a low price."

While it could hardly be said that Field was of the kind who "never kept a professional, nor broke a social, engagement," he certainly delighted in his reputation for eccentricity. Once, when the reading was about to begin, Mr. Cable was pained to receive a telegram from Field announcing his sudden illness, which would prevent his presence at the entertainment. Sorrowing for his associate, Cable got through the evening as best he could. The following morning, meeting one of the business staff, Cable inquired anxiously for Field, and felt sure the illness must have been of a serious nature. "I think not," replied the gentleman addressed, "I didn't notice anything unusual. I sat next to him last night in the theatre, in Philadelphia."

"Why, Field," exclaimed Cable, when they met, "how could you do so? Do you know you disappointed a thousand people?"

"Cable," said Field solemnly, "I don't care a snap about the thousand people; it is on your account, and yours only, that I am deeply contrite." "And," added Cable, "he said it as if that explanation really explained."

"When we were in Michigan," went on Mr. Cable, "we were asked to be the guests of a very dear friend of Field, Mr. Sol Smith Russell. Mr. Russell, on account of his professional engagements, could not be at home to welcome us, but Mrs. Russell was there to do us honor. With both Field and myself to entertain, I feared we were crowding the limits of her hospitality. Imagine, if you please, my astonishment when Field introduced a third member of our party, a seven-foot relative, with the off-hand remark, 'This is only my cousin—put him anywhere; he'll be satisfied!'"

Blessed with unusual mimetic power, a retentive memory, much magnetism, a strong love and knowledge of dramatic climaxes, sensitively impressionable, and able faithfully to depict the thing seen or imagined, Field in all likelihood would have achieved no little success as an actor.

Why may it not be frankly said that Eugene Field was as full of human nature as are most men? He had his weaknesses and his strengths. In common with the rest of mankind, he said and did things which he might have wished unsaid and undone. Field was what he was, and Uncle Toby was not the only one whose unconventional English the Recording Angel might be willing to blot out with a tear. We love a man, not because of his faults, but despite them. When we come to be weighed in the balance of friendship, we may count ourselves fortunate, indeed, if the measure of our shortcomings is not in excess of what we knew Field to possess. He was a great, manly, talented, tender-hearted, lovable fellow, whose kindnesses and courtesies in word and deed were many and frequent.

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It is to be doubted if Field ever did anybody an injury in the course of his whole life; and if I know anything about him at all, I know that even a slight injustice would have been more painful to him than to the person upon whom he might have inflicted it.

Nothing could have been worse for Field than his trip, in 1889, to London, where the weather and the frequent invitations to dine, which he knew not how to refuse, told severely upon him. "Talk about weather," he writes from London; "this is the most abominable climate I ever experimented with. Elsewhere I should have been well long ago; but I am so nervous that I dread travel and the excitement thereof. My inclination is to stay in the house, keep warm, read and write, and digest my simple food."

And again: "What exceeding folly was it that tempted me to cross the sea in search of what I do not seem able to find here—a righteous stomach? I have been wallowing in the Slough of Despond for a week, and my digestive apparatus has gone wrong again. I have suffered tortures that would have done credit to the inventive genius of a Dante; and the natural consequence is, that I am as blue as a whetstone."

He seemed always to have had the inclination to "stay in the house, keep warm, and read and write," and it was this sedentary practice in early life, as I have said, which worked him such injury. He seemed never to be able to keep comfortable, and he once declared he had written everything thus far "freezing to death."

The insinuating mists and fogs of London would have tried sufficiently his waning health, but when he threw himself into the swirl of gastronomic London, where everything, even a birth or a death, is seized upon as a pretext for a dinner, he was guilty of the extreme of dietic indiscretion.

On these occasions Field met most of the English literary world, and the descriptions he wrote to his friends of these feasts and those who attended them make racy reading. Indeed, since he was one of the most interesting and careful of letter-writers, a published selection of these letters would not fail to attract a host of readers.

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Field's mind and heart were wide open to the sunshine of humor and the joy of laughter. He declared that the man who neglected an opportunity to laugh was as injudicious as he who denied himself a proper amount of fresh air; then, with a fatal inconsistency, he himself reveled in laughter, but stayed indoors. His boyish sport was contagious; it was as if one's glee longed to take on a personal form and shake hands with his equally personified merriment. He characterized those wet blankets, those assassinators of mirth, who refuse to believe that the cheerful man can be possessed of a refined sensibility, as drones in the hive of happiness, and he thought they merited the fate of their insect confreres. Viewed in the light of policy alone, he believed in laughter, and thought it the surest way to make people kind. "What misfortune," he said, "was ever made lighter by grief? What misfortune ever made the heavier by laughter? Since when are people attracted by sighs? Since when are people repelled by smiles? If one is patronized merely because one smiles, how easy to repay one's patrons with a smirk!"

But so varied were Field's talents that he not only repaid his public with smiles, but with tears. Such poems as Little Boy Blue, Martha's Younkit, the dedicatory lines of his first book of verse, A Lyttle Boy, the lines inscribed to his wife in the Second Book of Verse, the more serious of his stories in A Little Book of Profitable Tales, such as The First Christmas Tree, The Coming of the Prince, Margaret, a Pearl, The Oak Tree and the Ivy, The Little Yaller Baby, amply and sweetly confirm his capacity for tenderness. The subtle, sympathetic power to touch the heart and moisten the eye was his indeed, and noble use he made of it.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This reading is taken from The Eugene Field I Knew, by Francis Wilson. The book is a charming, sympathetic, human biography of a favorite author, handled by a favorite actor with a touch of genuine affection combined with a keen analysis, rare in books of the class. It is published, with illustrations, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

TOLD OF ROYALTY

The Prince of Wales' White Tie.—The Prince of Wales, who is very punctilious in small matters as well as in great, never fails to resent any oddity in costume in men who are invited to meet him in society. Recently, at a dinner given at a certain Duke's, an acquaintance of the Prince sat down to table wearing a broad black tie. During one of the courses a butler handed a silver salver to the delinquent with "the Prince of Wales' compliments." Upon the salver was a regulation white tie.

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The Father of an Empress.—A German banker, traveling by rail in a first-class carriage toward Vienna, had as a fellow-traveler at one of the intermediate stations an old gentleman, who entered into conversation and proved very pleasant. The banker got out before his companion, and before he did so asked the latter how far he was going. The gentleman replied, "To Vienna." "I have a daughter very well married there," said the banker. "I should like to give you a note of introduction to her." "I have also a daughter very well married there," said the other. "Would it be too great a liberty to ask the name?" "My daughter," the gentleman answered, "is married to the Emperor of Austria." It was the old King of Bavaria.

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When the Sultan Goes to Pray.—When the Sultan of Turkey attends the Friday mid-day prayer at the mosque, in Constantinople, the garrison of 30,000 men are stationed along the route so that he shall be safely guarded from the moment he leaves his palace until he is on his carpet in the sacred edifice. He often rides in a closed carriage, surrounded by a body-guard. He makes these weekly journeys in fear of his life, and he insists upon every precaution being taken. Thousands of people gather to see the Ruler of the Faithful, but the best way to see him is to get the ear of the Chamberlain or Grand Vizier, who, by judicious bribery, may be prevailed upon to admit you to the strangers' box of the mosque, where priests and politicians, soldiers, sailors and civilians jostle one another in their desire to obtain a glimpse of Abd-ul-Hamid at prayer.

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Ex-Empress Eugénie's Memoirs.—Ex-Empress Eugénie has long been writing her own memoirs. When a page is written it is placed under lock and key, and not intimate friends nor wild horses nor tireless reporters may draw it forth. This interesting volume of reminiscences is not to be published till twenty-five years after the writer's death.

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Empress Frederick at Home.—Cronberg, with its magnificent views and exhilarating air, is the favorite home of the good Empress Frederick, of Germany. Here she can lead the simple, unostentatious life she loves best. Every Sunday she may be seen in her favorite yellow phaeton driving slowly into Homburg, where she attends service at the English church. She is much beloved for her unaffected amiability and for her liberal yet wisely discriminating charity.

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Getting Ahead of Queen Victoria.—Little Prince Alexander, the eldest son of the dead Prince Henry, husband of Princess Beatrice, of England, has always been noted, from his earliest childhood, for bartering proclivities. He lends marbles and tops at interest to his cousins, the little Connaughts, and, on one occasion, got up quite a little corner in dolls, which he succeeded in purchasing at a great reduction from his small Albany cousins.

The other day he received a present of one sovereign ($5) from his mother, and, having quickly spent it, applied for the second. He was gently chided for his extravagance, but, unabashed, wrote to his grandmamma. The Queen had been warned of the financial embarrassment, and she replied in the same strain of remonstrance, whereupon the Prince responded:

> "*Dearest Grandmamma:* I received your letter, and hope you will not think I was disappointed because you could not send me any money. It was very kind of you to give me good advice. I sold your letter for £4 10s."

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Admiral Dewey, as Seen by His Friends

New York Herald
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as well defined as his views on naval warfare
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years beginning with the
Admiral Walker
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Commodore Dewey was stricken with illness
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was removed, he bravely carried the nick
ing and frequently
dropped of a
girl of Malta who car
desk by watching over him and carving
so faithfully

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Charles Emory Smith, Postmaster-General The sec nd
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chair of editor ma hed
has been editor
National and State Republican co
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greater part of the platform of 187
He was appoint d United States Minister to
resuming edito

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Cecil Rhodes, Founder of Rhodesia
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While manipulating his mining properties, he entered the political life of Cape Colony,
Minister of the Government
Matabeleland

South African Congress
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President Callaway, Depew's Successor who succeeds Ch
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President of the
on River Ro
and popular men
the Chicago Even
when he was a lad of twelve
career, and he
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road men, his advancement
work and unflagging attention to his duties
was appointe
Superintendent

In 1874 he left Canada
1878 he was made
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was elected
nt of the Chicago and Western Indiana
Union Pacific
President of
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business in every department
It is needless to add that Mr Callaway will
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great Vanderbi

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Commander Maynard Fired the First Gun Commander Washburn
fired the first gun in the war with Spain is a
It was practically he who gave
der for the open
boat which captured
Buena Ventura was named in honor of one of
Tennessee's g s, and the officer who
d to fire is a native of Knoxville.
Commander
of the Civil War
considered a most daring naval ol

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Our Guest, the Hindu Reformer n Hindu reformer,
s labored for year
Iphia Record
however did not prevent his teaching his
eager child wife
principles were transmitted to
He named the
god Rama the incarn

William R. Day, the New Secretary of State The new head of the Department of S is no neophyte
some time previous to Secretary Sherman's
entrance into political life was the foremost member of the Canton, Ohio, Bar. He was born at Ravenna, near Garfield's old home, was graduated from the University of Michigan in 18 2. The physique of Secretary Day is slight, but his intellectual development is remarkable. He is a devoted lover of books. He stands in the closest relationship with the President and doubtless, much of the credit for the wise attitude of the Government during and just preceding is due to him. Even as Assistant Secretary of State his modest force resourcefulness, good judgment, and ability to deal with vexing problems, were manifest. The President has placed high in authority a man who will prove a conscientious and faithful servant of the people a true friend and worthy counselor to the head of a great nation

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Dr. Ernst Lieber, the Leader of the German Reichstag The most import
ant personage
the exception of the Emperor, is undoubtedly Dr Ernst Lieber says the Pall Mall Gazette The Doctor is the leader of the Ultramontanes in the Reichstag, the Schwarze Partei or Blacks against whom in former days Prince Bismarck raged so bitterly
Doctor Lieber, who is in his sixtieth year is a member of a well to do bourgeois family He was born at Kamberg in Nassau, where he passed the greater part of his time for the first thirty years of his life He studied and philosophy at Munich and Heidelberg and then entered politics. In 1871, when but thirty three years of age, Lieber was
renowned person
Vorar
His influence
swept all before them
the installed Doctor
placed on a much sounder bas

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Maximo Gomez, Cuban General-in-Chief Commander in Chief
factions of
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Governor General
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impregnable the
d to intervene
leaders, striking his opp
ected times and places
veteran Cuban
a long time h

DEATHS OF THE DAY

Thomas C. Acton, financier; formerly Superintendent of the United States Assay Office and Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York, born in New York 1823; died in Saybrook, Connecticut, May 1

Mrs. Mary Towne Burt, President of the New York State Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and a widely known leader in the social purity movement, born in Cincinnati, March 28, 1842; died in New York City, April 29

Philip Hermogenes Calderon, painter, member of the Royal Academy, and Keeper of the Royal Academy since 188 born in France in 1833 died in London, England May 1. His most noted paintings are Home After Victory, Ruth and Naomi, Joan of Arc Hs Reverence Broke and De

Horace Elmer, Commander United S Navy, in charge of the organization of the squadron fleet for operations against Spain a New Jersey in 1847; entered the Navy in 1861, died in Brooklyn, April

Joseph Albert Lintner, State entomo New York, author, among numerous scientific papers, of a Report on the Injurious and Other Insects of the State of New York, born New York, February 8 18
Italy May 6

Edwin C. Mason, Brevet Brigadier-General United States Army, retired; especially distinguished as an Indian fighter, born in Ohio, May 31, 1811; died in St Minnesota, April 3

Berdsey Grant Northrop, LL. D., Congregational clergyman
improvement societies and Arbo

Maxime Outrey, French diplomatist
United States in
died in Paris

Edward Remenyi, the
Hewes, Hungari
Francisco Ca

Robert Field Stockton
Stockton of
General of New
born in Princeton, New

William Henry Trescott, di
United States to China and
special envoy to Peru, Chile,
South Carolina, Novemb
South Carolina, May 4

Charles Carroll Wolcott
raska, May 2

Miss Fannie A. Wight, missionary
Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions
where her father was a mis
died in Ching Kiang Fu, China, April

Opening of the Omaha Exposition

Arrangements are nearly completed for the opening, on June 1, at Omaha, Nebraska, of an exposition with international features, but unique from the fact that it is designed to illustrate the marvelous development of the States west of the Mississippi River. The project has the countenance of the Federal Government, which has made an appropriation for an imposing building. The grounds are in the northern part of the city and are accessible by numerous lines of steam and electric railroads. Among the buildings, for class exhibits, will be those of the United States Government, Administration, Manufactures, Mines and Mining, Machinery and Electricity, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Horticulture, Dairy, Apiary, and Education. In addition, nearly every State west of the Mississippi River will erect its own representative structure. On the grounds will be a large amusement section, and also a suitable area for athletic sports and tournaments. A lagoon has been constructed, with a harbor at the eastern end, an island to add to the scenic effect, and a trefoil-shaped lake. The main buildings will be erected on the north and south sides of this lagoon. As at Chicago, the buildings will be principally of "staff," and the prevailing color ivory white. The exposition will remain open until November next

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The Turk and the Armenians

The Rev. Dr. George H Hepworth, who, in the winter of 1897-'8, visited Armenia at the instance of the New York Herald, and with the sanction of the Sultan, to investigate the massacres reported during 1895 and 1896, summarizes the results of his work in the declaration that there is no future for Armenia unless something happens to drive the Turk from Asia

Three of his points are really deserving of serious consideration. The most novel of these is that the Armenians believed that, if they precipitated an uprising, they would create such a sympathy among enlightened nations that international coercion would be applied to Turkey in their behalf. What protesting and threatening the Powers did, however, practically accomplished nothing

A second point is that the Turk, being three thousand years behind the times, is unalterably opposed to the progress that civilization always brings

The third point is that the Sultan dare not put into execution any of the reforms promised the Powers. His life would be the penalty of opposing his people by granting promised concessions. As long, therefore, as the other Powers composing the Berlin Congress do not by force take from him the administration of his empire, the Sultan will lengthen his own existence by continuing to promise submission to the will of Europe and continuing, in effect, to disregard it

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How Uncle Sam Feeds His Soldiers and Sailors

The meals that the Government provides for the Army and Navy, known in the service as rations, are really scientific combinations of food and drink. They are not hastily improvised affairs, like many busy day dinners at home, but are the result of experimenting with staples, condiments, and other articles, extending over many years. They have been thoroughly tested in peace and war, in the camp and on the march, and are sanctioned by the highest medical and hygienic authorities

The service ration of the Army consists of a pound and a quarter of beef, or three-quarters of a pound of pork, eighteen ounces of bread or flour, and at the rate of ten pounds of coffee, fifteen pounds of sugar, two quarts of salt, four quarts of vinegar, and four ounces of pepper for every one hundred rations Tobacco is furnished to enlisted men at cost price, in quantities not exceeding sixteen ounces per month

The Navy ration is slightly larger and more varied than the Army ration, because the sailor does not have the same opportunity as the soldier for purchasing extras and delicacies. It consists of the following daily allowance to each person: One pound of salt pork, with half a pint of beans or peas, or one pound of salt beef with half a pound of flour and two ounces of dried apples or other dried fruit; or three-quarters of a pound of preserved meat, with half a pound of rice, two ounces of butter, and one ounce of desiccated mixed vegetables; or three-quarters of a pound of preserved meat with two ounces of butter and two ounces of desiccated potatoes, together with fourteen ounces of biscuit, one-quarter ounce of tea, or one quarter ounce of coffee or cocoa, and two ounces of sugar; and a weekly allowance of half a pint of pickles, half a pint of molasses, and half a pint of vinegar.

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The Commonwealth of Australia

For nearly fifty years there has been an agitation for the union of the Australian colonies and Tasmania and New Zealand The Imperial Parliament sanctioned a federal council in 1886, and three years afterward a convention was held to devise a plan of federal Government. At the convention, which met in 1891, at Sydney, at which representatives of all the colonies and Tasmania and New Zealand were present, a bill to establish a federal constitution for the proposed commonwealth was adopted. In 1895 the premiers held a conference, approved the scheme of a constitution, and adopted a federation-enabling act. A number of sessions of the federal conventions were held, the last in January and February of this year, at Melbourne. Here it was decided that the bill for creating the commonwealth and the proposed federal constitution should be submitted to popular vote

Under the proposed constitution, the colonies preserve all their individual interests, excepting such that each relinquishes to the federal authority, thus following the plan of the organization of the United States Government. The executive authority is vested in a Governor-General, appointed by the British sovereign. There will be a supreme federal court, which will also be the high court of appeals of the federated colonies. The legislative power is vested in a parliament, consisting of an upper house, in which each colony will have an equal representation, irrespective of population, and a lower house in which the basis of representation will be population.

The parliament in this respect will be similar to the Congress of the United States.

What Contraband of War Means

In diplomacy, any article is considered contraband which will enable one party to carry on war against another, and neutral parties cannot supply any such article to either of the contending parties. War vessels, guns, ammunition, parts of guns that may be assembled after delivery, articles employed in the manufacture of gunpowder, or any explosive, and submarine mines in their various forms, are among the most conspicuous articles. Coal and liquid fuel are and are not contraband, according to circumstances. If a war vessel, of a nation engaged in hostilities, runs short of coal, it is lawful for a neutral nation to allow her to take aboard sufficient coal to enable her to reach the nearest port of her own country If the vessel asks for more than this quantity, it would be illegal to supply her. So, too, with food. Where the demand is to supply the immediate necessity of a ship that has run short, food in general is free; but where the supply desired is large enough to revictual a fleet or a besieged town, the article then becomes contraband.

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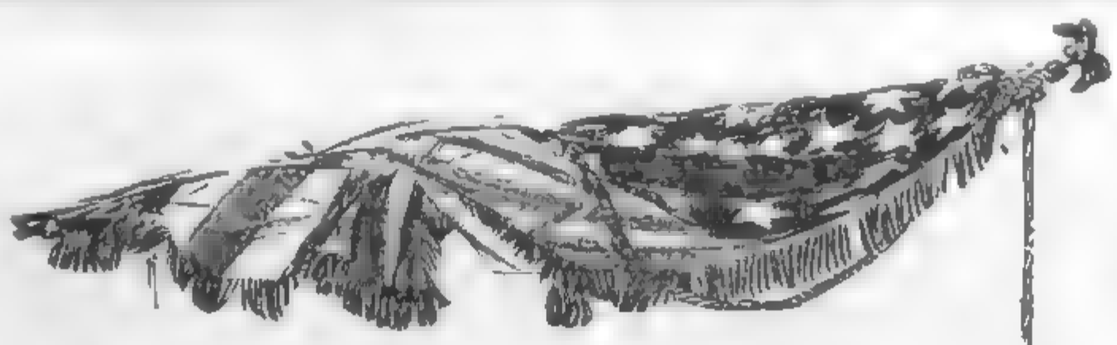
What Cuba Has Cost Spain

Those who are best informed regarding Spanish politics concur in the opinion that the leaders of every political party—Conservatives, Liberals, Republicans and Monarchists—would willingly assent to the independence of Cuba if they were not afraid of the cry that they had sacrificed the honor of Spain, says the Boston Journal. It looks as though, like Lady Teazle, they were going to have to leave honor out of the question.



Victories Under Our Flag

On April 11 last President McKinley, after mature deliberation, sent a message to Congress detailing the horrors and ravages of the revolution in Cuba, and declaring in the name of civilization and humanity, and in behalf of endangered American interests, that the war must stop. He asked authority to intervene, and Congress, sharing with the people the indignation over the destruction of the Maine, directed him to intervene with all the forces at his command, and backed up the authority with an appropriation of $50,000,000 Extensive preparations were at once undertaken for offensive and defensive action. The North Atlantic Squadron, reinforced by auxiliary cruisers, was divided into two fleets, one designed to be used as a flying squadron, the other for blockading the ports of the enemy.

Congress enlarged the regular Army and authorized the enlistment of a volunteer force. It also resolved that Spain should give up Cuba, and an ultimatum to that effect was sent to her Havana and other Cuban ports were immediately blockaded, and on the 23d the first prize of war was taken by the Nashville. No blood was shed till the 28th, when the Dupont was fired on by concealed batteries at Matanzas Admiral Sampson immediately ordered a bombardment of the fortifications For eighteen minutes the American fleet pounded away, every shot ripping up immense masses of masonry, and the works were utterly destroyed. The bombardment showed the superb skill of the "Yankee" gunners and the scientific training of the officers. During the engagement not one American vessel was hit, though the Spaniards were continually firing The Spanish loss during this engagement was not reported, excepting one mule killed.

Four days later, Commodore Dewey, commanding the Asiatic Squadron, under orders to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet at the Philippines, entered Manila harbor, and after an engagement of two hours the entire Spanish fleet of eleven vessels was annihilated by five American cruisers and gunboats. Here also the American gunners performed some extraordinary feats. One shell from the Olympia raked through the Spanish flagship and burst her boilers. The same day the fleet destroyed the arsenal and fortifications at Cavite

This battle, the first for the United States in thirty-three years, is ranked by experts as second only to Trafalgar. It is remarkable, also, for its casualties The Spanish loss is estimated at 2000 killed and wounded, and the American at eight wounded. The damage to our fleet was about $5,000. The first American troops for the invasion of Cuba were sent off on May 11. Up to that time the blockading squadron had captured thirty vessels.

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Three or four years ago the peninsula was highly prosperous. The demand for Spanish wines was on the increase. Industry was developing in Catalonia. Agriculture was thriving. Taxes were easily collected, and Señor Gamazo laid before the Cortes a budget which did not show a deficit.

The cost of the war in Cuba has impoverished all Spain. Starvation stalks not only in byways, but on the high roads. It has always been chronic in the north; but in the south, in the plains of Maria Santissima, where bread and wine and oil have always been poured out in profusion by the bounty of Providence, and the land owner has fattened in the shade of his orange and olive, famine is impending; whole families are starving; typhus has broken out from insufficient nutrition; crowds of gaunt peasants are flocking into the cities for food, for, by a cruel blight, the orange crops and the melon, the olive and the grape, have been simultaneously destroyed.

Such an accumulation of disasters has never failed, in Spanish history, to be followed by civil war. In every province they will find idle, hungry men ready to believe that their sufferings are the fruit of misgovernment. Time was when Espartero, Narvaez, O'Donnell or Prim could have held the soldiery loyal to their colors and suppressed a rebellion. There are no such men in Spain at the present time.

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Decline of New England's Chief Industry

A conference, the other day, of all the operators of the principal cotton and woolen mills in Massachusetts sounded an alarm that had long been expected. A lengthy report was adopted, reviewing the situation and declaring a necessity for a reduction on taxation of mill property and a change in the laws that will enable operators to run their mills longer hours. The conditions of the wage scale, limited hours and taxation have brought about reduced production, strikes, and many days of idleness annually As a consequence, the industry has lost heavily What is true in Massachusetts is true also in a general way, throughout the cotton and woolen centres of New England

There are more important and irresistible causes, however, than those above stated It is in the new South, in the States that have changed their distinctive industries from planting to manufacturing, that the most potent cause of the decadence is to be found In a certain section there is a great mill, equipped with the best machinery, having an inexhaustible coal mine within two miles, a railroad connecting mine with factory, and a productive cotton-field within a stone's throw. All conditions to-day favor the cotton and woolen mill in the selected sections of the South An available abundance of capital, adequate tracts of land either given outright or sold at an encouraging minimum, generous legislation, cheap labor, and inexpensive proximity to coal, wood, and raw staple, these render the South superior to New England in this industry

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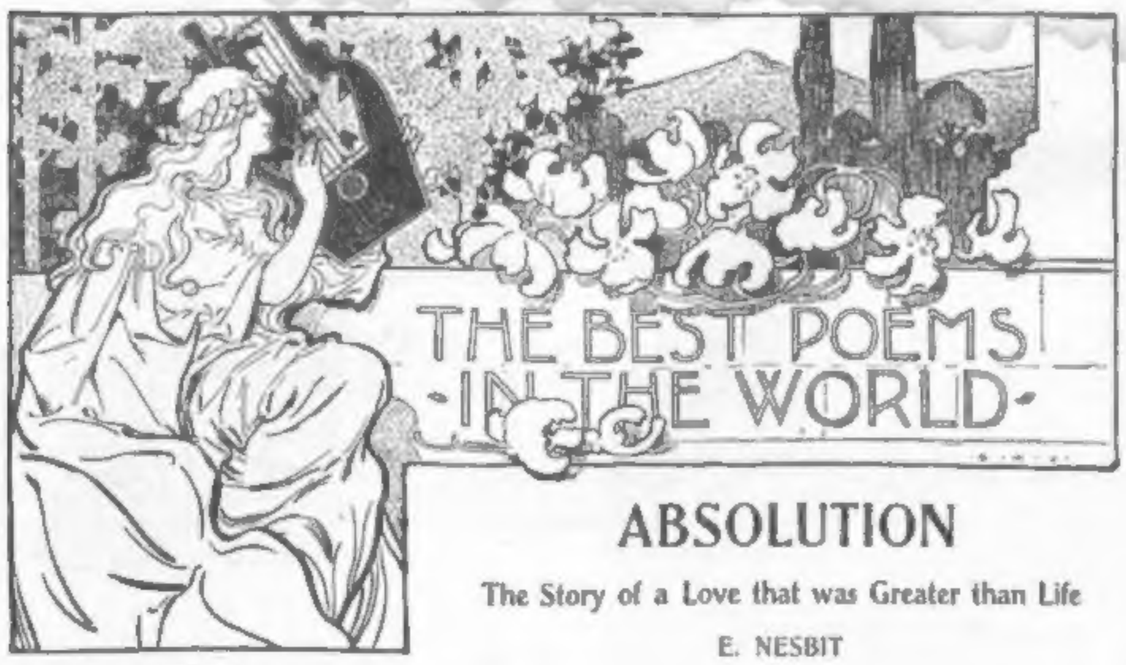
Our New Possessions—the Philippines

This cluster of over twelve hundred islands, forming the northern part of the Malay Archipelago and constituting Spain's most important colony in the far East, has now been in the throes of an uprising for independence for nearly two years. During a part of the last year, the insurgents, who were believed to number fifty thousand fighting men, gained important advantages over the Spanish troops, but toward the close of the year lost the support of General and strongest fortress, and, on the offer of full pardon and money with which to emigrate, the surviving leaders surrendered The Spanish Cabinet agreed on a number of reforms for the colony, and promised to secure greater justice to the natives

In February last there was another uprising, which soon extended over all of the northern provinces. It was believed that this fresh outbreak was incited by the serious relations of Spain and the United States The insurgents were found to be well armed and provided with an abundance of ammunition. Reinforcements were hastened to the islands. Interest in the colony was afterward largely increased by the act of the United States authorities in sending thither a fleet of war vessels

The inhabitants, though numbering about eight million, are not highly civilized There is a small Spanish population, principally engaged in business, but the natives are chiefly Malays, with some Negritos Chinese constitute the largest foreign population, and nearly monopolize the important industries. The colony, which is about 114,000 square miles in area, has an economic value because of its production of coal, hemp, sugar, coffee, copra, tobacco, indigo, and gold The imports exceed $10,000,000 in value annually, and the exports $20,000,000.



ABSOLUTION

The Story of a Love that was Greater than Life

E. NESBIT

THREE months had passed since she had knelt before
The grate of the confessional, and he—
The priest—had wondered why she came no more
To tell her sinless sins—the vanity
Whose valid reason graced her simple dress—
The prayers forgotten or the untold beads—
The little thoughtless words, the slight misdeeds,
Which made the sum of her unrighteousness.

She was the fairest maiden in his fold
With her sweet mouth and musical, pure voice,
Her deep gray eyes, her hair's tempestuous gold,
Her gracious, graceful figure's perfect poise,
Her happy laugh, her wild, unconscious grace,
Her gentle ways to old, or sick, or sad,
The comprehending sympathy she had,
Had made of her the idol of the place.

And when she grew so silent and so sad,
So thin and quiet, pale and hollow-eyed,
And cared no more to laugh and to be glad
With other maidens by the waterside—
All wondered; kindly grieved the elders were,
And some few girls went whispering about,
"She loves—who is it? Let us find it out!"
But never dared to speak of it to her.

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But the priest's duty bade him seek her out
And say, "My child, why dost thou sit apart?
Hast thou some grief? Hast thou some secret doubt?
Come and unfold to me thy inmost heart.
God's absolution can assuage all grief
And all remorse and woe beneath the sun,
Whatever thou hast said, or thought or done,
The Holy Church can give thy soul relief."

He stood beside her, young and strong, and swayed
With pity for the sorrow in her eyes—
Which, as she raised them to his own, conveyed
Into his soul a sort of sad surprise—
For in those gray eyes had a new light grown,
The light that only bitter love can bring,
And he had fancied her too pure a thing
For even happy love to dare to own.

Yet all the more he urged on her—"Confess,
And do not doubt some comfort will be lent
By Holy Church thy penitence to bless.
Trust her, my child." With unconvinced consent
She answered, "I will come"; and so at last
Out of the summer evening's crimson glow,
With heart reluctant and with footstep slow,
Into the cool, great empty church she passed.

"By my own fault, my own most grievous fault,
I cannot say, for it is not!" she said,
Kneeling within the gray stone chapel's vault;
And on the ledge her golden hair was spread
Over the clasping hands that still increased
Their nervous pressure, poor white hands and thin,
While with hot lips she poured her tale of sin
Into the cold ears of the patient priest.

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"Love broke upon me in a dream; it came
Without beginning, for to me it seemed
That all my life this thing had been the same,
And never otherwise than as I dreamed.
I only knew my heart—entire, complete—
Was given to my other self, my love—
That I through all the world would gladly move
So I might follow his adored feet.

"I dreamed my soul saw suddenly appear
Immense abysses, infinite heights unknown;
Possessed new worlds, new earths, sphere after sphere,
New sceptres, kingdoms, crowns became my own.
When I had all, all earth, all time, all space,
And every blessing, human and divine,
I hated the possessions that were mine,
And only cared for his beloved face.

"I dreamed that in unmeasured harmony,
Rain of sweet sounds fell on my ravished sense,
And thrilled my soul with swelling ecstasy,
And rose to unimagined excellence.
And while the music bade my heart rejoice,
And on my senses thrust delicious sway,
I wished the perfect melody away,
And in its place longed for his worshiped voice.

"And at the last I felt his arm infold,
His kisses crown my life—his whispered sighs
Echo my own unrest—his spirit hold
My spirit powerless underneath his eyes.
My face flushed with new joy, and felt more fair:
He clasped me close, and cried, 'My own, my own!'
And then I woke in dawn's chill night, alone,
With empty arms held out to empty air.

"I never knew I loved him till that dream
Drew from my eyes the veil and left me wise.
What I had thought was reverence grew to seem
Only my lifelong love in thin disguise.
And in my dream it looked so sinless, too,
So beautiful, harmonious, and right;
The vision faded with the morning light,
The love will last as long as I shall do.

FROM THE DRAWING BY
G. MARTIN JUSTICE

"But in the world where I have wept my tears,
My love is sinful and a bitter shame.
How can I bear the never-ending years,
When every night I hear him call my name?
For though that first dream's dear delight is past,
Yet since that night each night I dream him there,
With lips caressing on my brow and hair,
And in my arms I hold my Heaven fast!"

"Child, have you prayed against it?" "Have I prayed?
Have I not clogged my very soul with prayer,
Stopped up my ears with sound of praying, made
My very body faint with kneeling there
Before the sculptured Christ, and all for this,
That when my lips can pray no more, and sleep
Shuts my unwilling eyes, my love will leap
To dreamland's bounds, to meet me with his kiss?

"Strive against this? What profit is the strife?
If through the day a little strength I gain,
At night he comes and calls me 'love' and 'wife,'
And straightway I am all his own again.
And if from love's besieging force my fight
Some little victory has hardly won,
What do I gain? As soon as day is done
I yield once more to love's delicious night."

"Avoid him!" "Ay, in dewy garden walk
How often have I strayed, avoiding him,
And heard his voice mix with the common talk,
Yet never turned his way. My eyes grow dim
With weeping over what I lose by day
And find by night, yet never have to call
My own. O God! is there no help at all—
No hope, no chance, and no escapeful way?"

"And who is he to whom thy love is given?"
"What? Holy Church demands to know his name?
No rest for me on earth, no hope of Heaven
Unless I tell it? Ah, for very shame
I cannot—yet why not?—I will—I can!
I have grown mad with brooding on my curse.
Here! Take the name—no better and no worse
My case will be—Father, thou art the man!"

An icy shock shivered through all his frame—
An overwhelming, cold astonishment;
But on the instant the revulsion came.
His blood felt what her revelation meant,
And madly rushed along his veins and cried:
"For you, too, life is possible, and love
No more a word you miss the meaning of,
But all your life's desire unsatisfied."

Then through his being crept a new, strange fear—
Fear of himself, and through himself, for her;
His every fibre felt her presence near,
Disquiet in his breast began to stir.
"Lord Christ," his soul cried, whilst his heart beat fast,
"Give strength in this, my hour of utmost need."
And with the prayer strength came to him indeed,
And with calm voice he answered her at last:

"Child, go in peace! Wrestle, and watch, and pray,
And I will spend this night in prayer for thee,
That God will take thy strange, deep grief away.
Thou hast confessed thy sin. *Absolvo te.*"
Silence most absolute a little while,
Then passed the whisper of her trailing gown
Over the knee-worn stones, and soft died down
The dim, deserted, incense-memoried aisle.

She passed away, and yet, when she was gone,
His heart still echoed her remembered sighs:
What sin unpardonable hath he done
That ever more those gray, unquiet eyes
Floated between him and the dying day?
How had she grown so desperately dear?
Why did her love-words echo in his ear?
Through all the prayers he forced his lips to say?

All night he lay upon the chancel floor,
And coined his heart in tears and prayers, and new,
Strange longings he had never known before.
Her very memory so thrilled him through,
That through his being's core a shiver stole
Of utter, boundless, measureless delight,
Even while with unceasing, desperate might
His lips prayed for God's armor for his soul!

"YET, IF SHE CAME HERE WITH THOSE LOVE-DIMMED EYES"

The moon had bathed the chancel with her light,
But now she crept into a cloud. No ray
Was left to break the funeral black of night
That closely hung around the form that lay
So tempest-tossed within, so still without.
"O God! I love her, love her, love her so!
Oh, for one spark of Heaven's fire to show
Some way to cast this devil's passion out!

"I cannot choose but love—Thou knowest, Lord—
Yet is my spirit strong to fly from sin,
But oh, my flesh is weak, too weak the word
I have to clothe its utter weakness in!
I am Thy priest, vowed to be Thine alone,
Yet, if she came here with those love-dimmed eyes
How could I turn her all away from Paradise?
Should I not wreck her soul and blast my own?

"Christ, by Thy passion, by Thy death for men,
Oh, save me from myself, save her from me!"
And at the word the moon came out again
From her cloud-palace, and threw suddenly
A shadow from the great cross overhead
Upon the priest; and with it came a sense
Of strength renewed, of perfect confidence
In Him who on that cross for men hung dead.

Beneath that shadow safety seem to lie;
And as he knelt before the altar there,
Beside the King of Heaven's agony,
Light seemed all pangs His priest might have to bear—
His grief, his love, his bitter, wild regret,
Would they not be a fitting sacrifice,
A well-loved offering, blessed in the eyes
That never scorned a sad heart's offering yet?

But as the ghostly moon began to fade,
And moonlight glimmered into ghastlier dawn,
The shadow which the crucifix had made
With twilight mixed; and with it seemed withdrawn
The peace that with its shadowy shape began,
And as the dim east brightened, slowly ceased
The wild devotion that had filled the priest—
And with full sunlight he sprang up—a man!

"Ten thousand curses on my priestly vow—
The hated vow that held me back from thee!
Down with the cross! no death-dark emblems now!
I have done with death; life makes for thee and me!"
He tore the cross from out his breast, and trod
The sacred symbol under foot, and cried:
"I am set free, unbound, unsanctified!
I am thy lover—not the priest of God!"

He strode straight down the church and passed along
The grave-set garden's dewy grass-grown slope;
The woods about were musical with song,
The world was bright with youth and love and hope;
The flowers were sweet, and sweet his visions were,
The sunlight glittered on the lily's head
And on the royal roses red,
And never had the earth seemed half so fair.

Soon would he see her—soon would kneel before
Her worshiped feet, and cry: "I am thine own,
As thou art mine, and mine for evermore!"
And she should kiss the lips that had not known
The kiss of love in any vanished year.
And as he dreamed of his secured delight—
Round the curved road there slowly came in sight
A mourning band, and in their midst a bier.

He hastened to pass on. Why should he heed
A bier—a blot on earth's awakened face?
For to his love-warm heart it seemed indeed
That in sweet summer's bloom death had no place.
Yet still he glanced—a pale, concealing fold
Veiled the dead, quiet face—and yet—and yet—
Did he not know that hand, so white and wet?
Did he not know those dripping curls of gold?

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"We came to you to know what we should do,
Father; we found her body in the stream,
And how it happened, God knows!" One other knew—
Knew that of him had been her last wild dream—
Knew the full reason of that life-disdain—
Knew how the hopeless shame of love confessed
And unreturned had seemed to stain her breast
Till only death could make her clean again.

They left her in the church where sunbeams bright
Gilded the wreathèd oak and carven stone
With golden floods of consecrating light;
And here at last, together and alone,
The lovers met, and here upon her hair
He set his lips, and dry-eyed kissed her face,
And in the stillness of the holy place
He spoke in tones of bitter, blank despair:

"Oh, lips so quiet, eyes that will not see!
Oh, clinging hands that not again will cling!
This last poor sin may well be pardoned thee,
Since for the right's sake thou hast done this thing.
Oh, poor weak heart, forever laid to rest,
That couldst no longer strive against its fate,
For thee high Heaven will unbar its gate,
And thou shalt enter in and shalt be blessed.

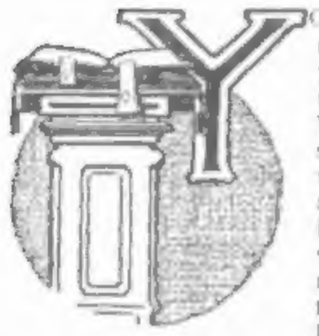
"The chances were the same for us;" he said,
"Yet thou hast won, and I have lost the whole;
Thou wouldst not live in sin, and thou art dead—
But I—against thee I have weighed my soul,
And, losing thee, have lost my soul as well.
I have cursed God, and trampled on His cross;
Earth has no measurement for all my loss,
But I shall learn to measure it in hell!"

EDITOR'S NOTE—The first of a series of famous poems selected by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and published weekly, with illustrations from original drawings. A biographic sketch of the author of each poem, with a portrait wherever possible, will be given. See page 2 of this number.

The Simplest Kind of Religion

BY HENRY DRUMMOND

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number One



YOU can unlock a man's whole life if you watch what words he uses most. We have each a small set of words, which, though we are scarce aware of it, we always work with, and which really express all that we mean by life, or have found out of it. For such words embalm the past for us. They have become ours by a natural selection, throughout our career, of all that is richest and deepest in our experience. So our vocabulary is our history, and our favorite words are ourselves.

Did you ever notice Christ's favorite words? If you have, you must have been struck by two things—their simplicity and their fewness. Some half-dozen words embalm all His theology, and these are, without exception, humble, elementary, simple monosyllables. These are words that are used almost flippantly in the desecration of every day, but it sometimes takes a whole lifetime to fully realize them, to fully enter into and live their infinite possibilities. They are such words as these: world, life, trust, love.

But none of these was the greatest word of Christ. His great word was new to religion. There was no word there, when He came, rich enough to carry the new truth He was bringing to men. So He imported into religion one of the grandest words of human language, and transfigured it, and gave it back to the world illuminated and transformed, as the watchword of the new religion. That word was Father.

The world's obligation to the Lord Jesus is that He gave us that word. We should never have dared to say it. It is a pure revelation. Surely it is the most touching sight, of the world's past, to see God's only begotten Son coming down from Heaven to try to teach the stammering, dumb inhabitants of this poor planet to put their trust in Him, and to say, "Our Father."

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It is that word which has gathered the great family of God together; and when we come face to face with the real, the solid and the moving in our religion, it is to find all its complexity resolvable into this simplicity, that God, whom others call King Eternal, Infinite Jehovah, is, after all, our Father, and we are His children.

This, after all, is religion. And to live daily in the full living acceptance of this simplicity is to live like Christ.

It takes a great deal to succeed as a Christian—such a great deal that not many do succeed. And the great reason for want of success is the want of a central word. Men will copy anything rather than principle. A relationship is always harder to follow than a fact. We study the details of Christ's actions, the point of this miracle and of that, the circumferential truth of this parable and of that, but to copy details is not to copy Christ. To live greatly, like Christ, is not to agonize daily over details, to make anxious comparisons with what we do and what He did, but a much more simple thing. It is to re-echo Christ's word. It is to have that calm, patient, assured spirit which reduces life simply to this—a going to the Father.

Not one man in a hundred, probably, has a central word in his Christian life, and the consequence is this, that there is probably nothing in the world so disorderly and slipshod as personal spiritual experience. With most of us it is a thing without stability or permanence; it is changed by every trifle we meet, by each new mood or thought. It is a series of disconnected approaches to God; a disorderly succession of religious impulses, an irregulation of conduct, now on this principle, now on that; one day because we read something in a book, the next because it was contradicted in another. And when circumstances lead us really to examine ourselves, everything is indefinite, hazy, unsatisfactory, and all that we have for the Christian life are the shreds, perhaps, of the last few Sabbaths' sermons and a few borrowed patches from other people's experience. So we live in perpetual oscillation and confusion, and we are almost glad to let any friend or any book upset the most cherished thought we have. We cling to floating spars and driftwood when we could ride the sea of life in the calm security of a life-boat. We need balance, poise, stability.

Now the thing which steadied Christ's life was the thought that He was going to His Father. This one thing gave it unity, and harmony, and success. During His whole life He never forgot His Word for a moment. There is no sermon of His where it does not occur; there is no prayer, however brief, where it is missed. In that first memorable sentence of His, which breaks the solemn spell of history and makes one word resound through thirty silent years, the one word is this; and all through the after years of toil and travail "the Great Name" was always hovering on His lips or bursting out of His heart. In its beginning and in its end, from the early time when He spoke of His Father's business till He finished the work that had been given Him to do, His life, completely disrobed of all circumstance, was simply this, "I go to My Father."

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If we take this principle into our own lives, we shall find its influence tell upon us in three ways—three vital points that cover the sum of all living:

I. It explains Life.
II. It sustains Life.
III. It completes Life.

I. It explains Life. Few men, I suppose, do not feel that life needs explaining. We think we see through some things in it—partially; but most of it, even to the wisest mind, is enigmatic. Those who know it best are the most bewildered by it, and they who stand upon the mere rim of the vortex confess that even for them it is overspread with cloud and shadow. What is my life? Whither do I go? Whence do I come? These are the questions which are not worn down yet, although the whole world has handled them for many centuries.

To these questions there are but three answers—one by the poet, the other by the atheist, the third by the Christian.

(a) The poet tells us, and philosophy says the same, only less intelligibly, that life is a sleep, a dream, a shadow. It is a vapor that appeareth for a little and vanisheth away; a meteor hovering for a moment between two unknown eternities; bubbles which form and burst upon the river of time. This philosophy explains nothing. It is taking refuge in mystery. Whither am I going? Virtually, the poet answers, "I am going to the Unknown."

(b) The atheist's answer is just the opposite. He knows no Unknown. He understands all, for there is nothing more than we can see or feel. Life is what matter is; the soul is phosphorous. Whither am I going? "I go to dust," he says; "death ends all." And this explains nothing. It is worse than a mystery. It is contradiction. It is utter darkness.

(c) But the Christian's answer explains something. Where is he going? "I go to my Father." This is not a definition of his death—there is no death in Christianity; it is a definition of the Christian life. All the time it is a going to the Father. Some travel swiftly, some are long upon the road, some meet many pleasant adventures by the way, others pass through fire and peril; but though the path be short or winding, and though the pace be quick or slow, it is, in the end, a going to the Father.

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Now this explains life. It explains the two things in life which are most inexplicable. For one thing, it explains why there is more pain in the world than pleasure. God knows, although we scarce do, there is something better than pleasure—progress. Pleasure, mere pleasure, is animal. He gives that to the butterfly. But progress is the law of life to the immortal.

So God has arranged our life as progress, and its working principle is evolution. Not that there is no pleasure in it. The Father is too good to His children for that. But the shadows are all shot through it, for he fears lest we should forget there is anything more. Yes, God is too good to leave His children without indulgences, without far more than we deserve; but He is too good to let them spoil us. Our pleasures, therefore, are mere entertainments. We are entertained like passing guests at the inns on the roadside. Yet, after even the choicest meals we dare not linger. We must take the pilgrim's staff and go on our way to the Father.

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Sooner or later we find out that life is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we all discover that the world is not a playground. It is quite clear God means it for a school. The moment we forget that, the puzzle of life begins. We try to play in school; the Master does not mind that so much for its own sake, for He likes to see His children happy, but in our playing we neglect our lessons. We do not see how much there is to learn, and we do not care. But our Master cares. He has a perfectly overpowering and inexplicable solicitude for our education; and because He loves us, He comes into the school sometimes and speaks to us. He may speak very softly and gently, or very loudly.

Sometimes a look is enough, and we understand it, like Peter, and go out at once and weep bitterly. Sometimes the voice is like a thunder-clap startling a summer night. But of one thing we may be sure; the task He sets us to is never measured by our delinquency. The discipline may seem far less than our desert, or even to our eye ten times more. But it is not measured by these—it is measured by God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love; measured solely that the scholar may be better educated when he arrives at his Father. The discipline of life is a preparation for meeting the Father. When we arrive there to behold His beauty, we must have the educated eye; and that must be trained here. We must become so pure in heart—and it needs much practice—that we shall see God. That explains life—why God puts man in the crucible and makes him pure by fire—pure through suffering.

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When we see Him, we must speak to Him. We have that language to learn. And that is, perhaps, why God makes us pray so much. Then we are to walk with Him in white. Our sanctification is a putting on of this white. But there has to be much disrobing first—much putting off of filthy rags. This is why God makes man's beauty to consume away like the moth. He takes away the moth's wings, and gives the angel's, and man goes the quicker and the lovelier to his Father which is in Heaven.

It is quite true, indeed, besides all this, that sometimes shadow falls more directly from definite sin. But even then its explanation is the same. We lose our way, perhaps, on the way to the Father. The road is rough, and we choose the way with the flowers beside it, instead of the path of thorns. Often and often thus, purposely or carelessly, we lose the way. So the Lord Jesus has to come and look for us. And He may have to lead us through desert and danger before we regain the road—before we are as we were—and the voice says to us sadly once more, "This is the way to the Father."

The other thing which this truth explains is, why there is so much that is unexplained. After we have explained all, there is much left. All our knowledge, it is said, is but different degrees of darkness. But we know why we do not know why. It is because we are going to our Father. We are only going: we are not there yet. Therefore, patience. "What I do thou knowest not know, but thou shalt know. Hereafter, thou shalt know." Hereafter, because the chief joy of life is to have something to look forward to. But, hereafter, for a deeper reason. Knowledge is only given for action. Knowing only exists for doing; and, already, nearly all men know to do more than they really do. So, till we do all that we know, God retains the balance till we can use it. In the larger life of the hereafter, more shall be given, proportionate to the vaster sphere and the more ardent energies.

Necessarily, therefore, much of life is still twilight. But our perfect refuge is to anticipate a little, and go in thought to our Father, and, like children tired out with efforts to put together the pieces of a puzzle, wait to take the fragments to our Father.

And yet, even that fails sometimes. He seems to hide from us, and the way is lost, indeed. The footsteps which went before us up till then cease, and we are left in the chill, dark night alone. If we could only see the road, we should know it went to the Father. But we cannot say we are going to the Father; we can only say we would like to go. "Lord," we cry, "we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?" "Whither I go," is the inexplicable answer, "ye know not now." Well is it for those who, at such times, are near enough to catch the rest: "But ye shall know hereafter." He promises it.

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II. Secondly, and in a few words, this sustains Life.

A year or two ago, some of the greatest and choicest minds of this country labored, in the pages of one of our magazines, to answer the question, "Is Life Worth Living?" It was a triumph for religion, some thought, that the keenest intellects of the nineteenth century should be stirred with themes like this. It was not so; it was the surest proof of the utter heathenism of our age. Is life worth living? As well ask, Is air worth breathing? The real question is this—taking the definition of life here suggested—Is it worth while going to the Father?

Yet we can understand the question. On any other definition we can understand it. On any other definition life is very far from being worth living. Without that, life is worse than an enigma; it is an inquisition. Life is either a discipline, or a most horrid cruelty. Man's best aims, here, are persistently thwarted, his purest aspirations degraded, his intellect systematically insulted, his spirit of inquiry is crushed, his love mocked, and his hope stultified. There is no solution whatever to life without this; there is nothing to sustain either mind or soul amid its terrible mystery but this; there is nothing even to account for mind and soul. And it will always be a standing miracle that men of powerful intellect who survey life, who feel its pathos and bitterness, and are shut up all the time by their beliefs to impenetrable darkness—I say it will always be a standing miracle how such men, with the terrible unsolved problems around them, can keep reason from reeling and tottering from its throne. If life is not a going to the Father, it is not only not worth living—it is an insult to the living; and it is one of the strangest mysteries how men who are large enough in one direction to ask that question, and too limited in another to answer it, should voluntarily continue to live at all.

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There is nothing to sustain life but this thought. And it does sustain life. Take even an extreme case, and you will see how. Take the darkest, saddest, most pathetic life of the world's history. That was Jesus Christ's. See what this truth practically was to Him. It gave Him a life of absolute composure in a career of most tragic trials—and never deserted Him.

You have noticed often, and it is inexpressibly touching, how as His life narrows, and troubles thicken around Him, He leans

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HENRY DRUMMOND

was born at Stirling in 1851, and was educated in the Universities of Edinburgh, and Tübingen, in Germany. In 1884 he was appointed Professor in Science at the Free Church College, Glasgow. He subsequently traveled among the Rocky Mountains and in South Africa. While he has published several works on theology and travel, he is famous, the world over, as the author of Natural Law in the Spiritual World, which appeared in 1883. The best known and most widely read of his recent works is, The Greatest Thing in the World—Love. This was a sermon based on the text: "The greatest of these is Charity." Dr. Drummond died at Tunbridge Wells, England, on March 11, 1897.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Sermons in the Post Series will be practical, nonsectarian thought on vital topics, by the best religious thinkers of the world. This Sermon is taken from The Ideal Life: Addresses, hitherto unpublished, by Henry Drummond. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. The first four will be:

I—The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond,	May 28
II—Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III—Having an Aim in Life,	by Rev. Philip S. Moxom,	June 18
IV—The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D. D.,	June 25

more and more upon this. And when the last days draw near—as the memorable chapters in John reveal them to us—with what clinging tenderness He alludes in almost every second sentence to "My Father." There is a wistful eagerness in these closing words which is strangely melting—like one ending a letter at sea when land is coming into sight. This is the Christian's only stay in life. It provides rest for his soul, work for his character, an object, an inconceivably sublime object, for his ambition. It does not stagger him to be a stranger here, to feel the world passing away. The Christian is like the pearl-diver, who is out of the sunshine for a little, spending his short day amid rocks and weeds and dangers at the bottom of the ocean. Does he desire to spend his life there? No; but his Master desires it. Is his life there? No; it is up above. A communication is open to the surface, and the fresh, pure life comes down to him from God. Is he not wasting time there? He is gathering pearls for his Master's crown. But, will he always stay there? When the last pearl is gathered, the "Come up higher" will beckon him away, and the weights which kept him down will become an exceeding weight of glory, and he will go, he and these pearls he brings with him, to his Father.

He feels, to change the metaphor, like a man in training for a race. It is months off still, but it is nearer him than to-morrow—nearer than anything else. Great things are always near things. So he lives in his future. Ask him why he thus deliberately abstains from all luxury in eating and drinking. "He is keeping his life," he says. Why this self denial, this separation from worldliness, this change to a quiet life from revelries far into the night? "He is keeping his life." He cannot have both the future and the present; and he knows that every regulated hour, and every temptation scorned and set aside, is adding a nobler tissue to his frame and keeping his life for the prize that is to come to him later. Every moment of struggle and conquest means fuller, higher preparation for the glories of his future in eternity.

Trial to the Christian is training for all eternity; he is perfectly contented, for he knows that "he who loveth his life in this world shall lose it; but he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." He is keeping his life, keeping it pure and sacred, till he gets to the Father.

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III. Lastly, in a word, this completes Life.

Life has been defined as a going to the Father. It is quite clear that there must come a time, in the history of all those who live this life, when they reach the Father. This is the most glorious moment of life. Angels attend at it. Those on the other side must hail the completing of another soul with ineffable rapture. When they are yet a great way off, the Father runs and falls on their necks and kisses them.

On this side we call that Death. It means reaching the Father. It is not departure, it is arrival; not sleeping, but waking. For life to those who live like Christ is not a funeral procession. It is a triumphal march to the Father. And the entry at the last in God's own chariot is the last hour of all. No, as we watch a life which is going to the Father, we cannot think of night, of gloom, of dusk and sunset. It is Life which is the night, and Death is sunrise.

"Pray moderately," says an old saint, "for the lives of Christ's people." Pray moderately. We may want them on our side, he means, but Christ may need them on His. He has seen them a great way off, and set His heart upon them, and asked the Father to make them come quickly. "I will," He says, "that such an one should be with Me where I am." So it is better that they should go to the Father.

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These words have a different emphasis to different persons. None are entirely alike. There are three classes to whom they come with a peculiar emphasis:

1. They speak to those who are staying away from God. "I do not wonder at what men suffer," says Ruskin; "I wonder often at what they lose." My fellow-pilgrim, you do not know what you are losing by not going to the Father. You live in an appalling mystery. You have nothing to explain your life nor to sustain it; no boundary line on the dim horizon to complete it. When life is done you are going to leap into the dark. You will cross the dark river and land on the farther shore alone. No one will greet you. You and the Inhabitant of Eternity will be strangers. Will you not to-day arise and go to your Father?

2. They speak, next, to all God's people. Let us remember that we are going to the Father. Even now we are the sons of God. Oh, let us live like it—more simple, uncomplaining, useful, separate, joyful as those who march with music, yet sober as those who are to company with Christ. The road is heavy—high road and low road—but we shall soon be home. God grant us a sure arrival in our Father's house.

3. And this voice whispers yet one more message to the mourning. Did Death end all? Is it well with the child? It is well. The last inn by the roadside has been passed—that is all, and a voice called to us, "Good-by! I go to my Father."

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

Half Hours with Song and Story

When Twilight Brings You Near

By GAY YULE

WHEN the sunset lights are fading in the west,
And stars begin to gleam across the sky,
The tenderest twilight brings me peace and rest,
While, dear, to you my heart's best longings fly.

The miles that lie between us seem as naught;
Your form comes gliding softly to my chair,
And looking into mine with eyes love-fraught,
Your fingers wander idly o'er my hair;

Your loving touch a benediction seems
That calls my nobler, truer self to life;
I long to realize my manhood's better dreams
And be a worthier actor in the strife.

With purifying love your dark eyes shine;
The last light lingers on your dusky hair,
And then you gently draw your hand from mine;
I glance to where you knelt—you are not there.

And so at twilight-time my thoughts of you
Bridge over all the miles that intervene,
And bring you to me ever good and true,
With none to sever, naught to come between.

—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

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What "Sing a Song of Six Pence" Means

YOU all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represented the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a King.

The King, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers, as he counts them, are the golden sunbeams.

The Queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her King—the sun—has risen, is day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The birds who, so tragically, end the song by "nipping off her nose" is the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

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The Meal Which Cost $500,000,000

RECENTLY, a man, who is fond of arithmetic, made up his mind that he would find out how much a dinner really cost, says the Memphis Commercial Appeal. He first ascertained that the dinner he was eating cost seventy-five cents, presumably. He contradicted this, and then made out the following statement about the cost of that simple little dinner:

The pepper, he said, came from ten thousand miles away. It grew on a little bush about eight feet high, which must have had a growth of at least five years. The pepper was picked green; it had to be dried in the sun, and this meant employing women. It took one ship and one thousand miles of railroad to bring the pepper to the United States. The flour of which the bread was made came from Dakota; some one owned the land, and that meant the investing of capital, and then he had also to pay wages to workingmen. The flour had to be ground, and the building of the mill, and the plant, or machinery, meant more money invested. The millers had to be paid, coopers had to be paid for making the barrels, and, of course, the wood of which the barrels were made had to be cut and sawed and shaped, and this meant the employing of more men. Then the flour had to be shipped over the railroad and handled again by cartmen before it came into the house.

The tea on the table came from China and the coffee from South America. The codfish had to be brought from Maine. Men had to be employed to catch the fish; then other men and women were employed in drying, packing and boxing it, and it, too, had to make a long railroad journey. The salt came from the northwestern part of New York State. The spices in the cake came from the Spice Islands, over in the Indian Archipelago. The canned peaches came from California, and they, too, represented the employment of capital and labor. The simple little dinner represented, directly or indirectly, the employment of $500,000,000 of capital and 5,000,000 men.

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Understanding a Looking-Glass

EVERY girl who is dissatisfied with herself should remember that she is better looking than most kinds of looking-glasses bid her believe, says Table Talk. A mirror, it is contended, cannot flatter a face that is in its natural state—that is, not "made-up." Even the very best plate glass has a pale green tinge, which reflects a color a trifle less clear than the original; hair also has always a more glossy sheen than the glass shows. If it is wavy, the glass never shows the best of the waves, and if it is straight the glass accentuates all the straightness. More important, and still better to be remembered and carefully treasured, no one ever looks at the face so closely or so critically as the owner of it looks at the reflection in the glass. Blemishes that are a grief to a non-conceited girl may pass quite unnoticed by her friends. The two or three gray hairs that appear unfairly soon on the head of a girl who overworks her brain, simply have the effect of high lights in a picture and pass for extra gloss. The figure that looks heavy when seen only as far as the waist in a glass, may be absolutely in graceful proportion when seen with the rest of the figure.

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How the Chinese Do Things

THE Chinese do everything backward. They exactly reverse the usual order of civilization, says the Richmond Christian Advocate.

Note, first, that the Chinese compass points to the south instead of the north.

Men wear skirts, the women trousers.

The men wear their hair long, and the women wear it short.

The men carry on dressmaking, and the women carry burdens.

The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken.

Books are read backward. What we call foot-notes are inserted at the top of the page.

The Chinese dress in white at funerals, and in mourning at weddings, while old women always serve as bridesmaids.

The Chinese launch their vessels sideways, and mount their horses from the off side.

The Chinese begin their dinner with dessert and end with soup and fish.

In China the hands of the clocks are immovable; it is the dial that revolves.

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A Town Without a Woman

SITUATED on a promontory on the coast of Macedonia, known as the "Mountain of the Monks" because there are no fewer than twenty magnificent monasteries scattered in the sheltered recesses or on the tops of the lofty crags, lies Athos, a community where all the inhabitants are men, says the Girl's Own Paper. There dwell in this secluded spot, cut off from all the pomps and vanities of the world, the devotees of an extraordinary system of asceticism, quietism and superstition. The town proper is called Caryes, where are to be found all the essential features of civilized life—streets of shops and bazaars, filled with bustling and eager customers, coppersmiths plying their trade, and fruiterers piling up their wares. But never is seen the form or face of mother, wife, sister, daughter, lover, child or infant. Strange to say, the superstition runs that it was the Virgin herself who banished her sex from this spot. In one of the Athonite monasteries is a miraculous icon—an image or representation precious in the eyes of worshippers of the Russio-Greek Church. The legend, firmly believed by all, runs that one day the picture of the Virgin called to the Empress Pulcheria, as she was going to her devotions, saying, "What do you, a woman, here? Depart from this church, for women's feet shall no more tread this floor." The Empress obeyed the injunction, although she had greatly enriched and beautified the building. Since that day no woman or female animal has lived on the promontory, and only the birds have broken the order. But it is only on the wing they do so. When fowls are on the table they are sure to be cockerels, for not even dead hens are imported. The monks are celebrated for their kindness and hospitality.

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How a Peasant Washed the Tiger

A STORY is told, in La France du Nord, about a Cossack, ignorant of the French language and equally ignorant of fear, who was hired, at Moscow, by the lion-tamer, Pezon, to clean the cages of his wild beasts, says Emily Mayer Higgins, in Lippincott's Magazine. Their understanding, or misunderstanding, was arranged by means of gestures and dumb show, as that unfortunate Tower of Babel hindered intelligible speech, and Pezon thought that the man thoroughly understood what he had to do. The next morning the Tartar began his new duties by entering, with bucket, sponge and broom, not the cage of a tame beast, as his master had done, but of a splendid, untamed tiger. The fierce animal fixed his eyes upon the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his large sponge, and to approach the tiger.

At this moment Pezon appeared upon the scene, and was struck with horror. Any sound or motion upon his part would intensify the danger by rousing the beast to fury; so he quietly waited till the need should arise to rush to the man's assistance.

The moujik, sponge in hand, approached the animal, and, perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down, as if he had been a horse or dog; while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on its back, stretched out its paws, and, purring, offered every part of its body to the Cossack, who washed him as complacently as a mother bathes her infant. Then he left the cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage from the desert had not Pezon drawn him off, with difficulty.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Described Completely in Brief

The Latimers, by Henry C. McCook, D.D.—There is what might be termed a virile, rugged interest in The Latimers, a fact partly due to Doctor McCook's literary skill and partly to the background of his story, which is full of picturesqueness of the rough, frontier type. The reader is carried back a century ago, to live, as it were, with the Scotch-Irish settlers around the headquarters of the Ohio, and is given a graphic idea of the "Western Insurrection." It is history imparted in the form of romance, and the narrative throughout, not forgetting the necessary love interest, is full of color. The description of the Battle of Fallen Timbers is a particularly vivid bit of work, while the character of Andy Burbeck supplies another illustration of the author's powers. (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.)

Harvard Episodes, by Charles M. Flandrau.—Mr. Flandrau knows his Harvard well—very well—and the sketches of life and character which he has thrown into his Episodes will be appreciated by all familiar with college life. Perhaps the author may seem too cynical at times, inasmuch as he is dealing with the "impulsive, believing season of youth," and it is certain that several of his characters have a worldly knowledge and a *blasé* air quite beyond their years. However, the average undergraduate thinks himself a very wise, disillusioned young person, so that the cynicism may not be as wide of the mark as it appears. Mr. Flandrau understands the art of story telling, although in this instance his environment is naturally circumscribed. (Copeland & Day, Boston.)

With the Conquering Turk, by G. W. Steevens.—With the realities of our own war in our minds, it now seems rather far-away and vague to read of the Turko-Grecian encounter. Yet there is undeniable interest in the experiences of Mr. Steevens with the Conquering Turk, in the pictures of Army life, as well as in the personality of the writer, and in the account of certain important engagements—although the whole narrative compels the inevitable regret that the Greeks, rather than the repellant Turks, became the vanquished. Mr. Steevens is not what is called a "stylist," but he is a good newspaper man, and holds one's attention. (Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.)

Farthest North, by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen.—The "popular" one-volume edition of Farthest North, which has recently been issued under attractive auspices, pictorial and otherwise, is peculiarly appropriate. That ubiquitous individual, the average reader, always finds much to delight him in a description of the icy perils of an Arctic expedition, and as Doctor Nansen has the faculty of interesting his audience, be it lay or scientific, it seems fortunate that his narrative has been placed within the reach of more than the "happy few." To tell the story of the sturdy Fram's travels (1893-96), and of the now historic sleighing expedition of Nansen and Johansen, was no easy task, but the Doctor acquitted himself with an effectiveness which proved him to be a good writer as well as an intrepid explorer. The account is graphic throughout, whether we are reading about the preparations for the great enterprise, or the voyage through the Kara Sea, or the long struggles later on, followed by the successful return of the party, when Nansen was able to telegraph to the Norwegian Government from Vardo Haven that "the expedition has carried out its plan, has traversed the unknown Polar sea from north of the new Siberian Islands, and has explored the region north of Franz Josef Land as far as eighty-six degrees fourteen minutes north latitude." (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A Desert Drama, by A. Conan Doyle.—In his latest novel Conan Doyle starts out in a fashion which promises more of the guide-book than of stirring adventure, but before many pages have been turned there is no cause for complaint. The party of tourists traveling up the Nile, on the little steamer Korosko, bid fair to have merely a conventional trip, yet it is not long before they fall into the hands of a band of Dervishes and go through a series of experiences which are tinged, at times, with the atmosphere of tragedy. It would be unfair to tell just what those experiences are, but it should be added that there is plenty of action and dramatic interest in the Desert Drama. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

The Girl at Cobhurst, by Frank R. Stockton.—The title of this new bit of Stocktonian pleasantry should be "Girls" rather than "Girl," for there were, at different times, three very attractive young women at Cobhurst. One of them was the sister of the hero who owned the farm, and the other two were in love, in their respective ways, with the gentleman aforesaid. "Which will he marry?" became the vital question of the story, and it was not until two delightful matchmakers had brought about entertaining complications that the answer came. The book is not so original as some of its predecessors, but it has undeniable charm, and the character of Miss Panney, who is an old maid, is in itself a whimsical proof of Mr. Stockton's genius for graphic portraiture. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Water-Color Painting, by Grace Barton Allen, is a practical text-book of the art of painting in water-colors. It is preëminently a book for beginners. It explains the technicalities in this branch of art in simple, intelligible language. The selection and care of materials, as well as the method of work, are discussed. The author does not lay down any one theory as abstractly the best; she considers the effect the all-important end in painting. She does not assume that her readers are geniuses. Genius is knowing how, coupled with the capacity for taking infinite pains. In this book the author plants the seeds of genius by teaching the beginner to take pains. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

In Indian Tents, by Abby L. Alger.—Fifteen years ago Miss Alger was associated with Charles G. Leland ("Hans Breitmann") in the collection of material for his Algonquin Legends of New England. The work proved so congenial an occupation that she has since gone on with it for her own pleasure, and the result is this little book, which records some quaint, barbaric stories told by Penobscott, Passamaquoddy and Micmac Indians. These legends have not, of course, pronounced popular interest, but to the students of Indian folk-lore, as well as to lovers of the curious, they will not appeal in vain. There is something more than mere fictional value in such a collection. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

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BOOKS JUST FROM THE PRESS

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